

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



NEWS-PAPER

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CAPTURE OF FORT MACON—COMPANIES A AND B OF THE 5TH RHODE ISLAND REGIMENT COVERING THE WORKING PARTIES WHILE CONSTRUCTING CAPT. MORRIS'S THREE PARROTT GUN SINGE BATTERIES.
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. H. SCHILL.



THE END OF THE MERRIMAC—DESTRUCTION OF THE REBEL IRON-CLAD STEAMER MERRIMAC, BLOWN UP BY ITS COMMANDER, ON THE MORNING OF MAY 11.—FROM A SKETCH TAKEN AT SEWELL'S POINT.

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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.—E. G. SQUIER, Editor.

NEW YORK, MAY 24, 1862.

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To our Southern Subscribers.

Our subscribers living in the Southern States where the mails were suspended by the United States Government, are hereby informed that we have preserved full files for all whose subscriptions were unexpired at that time, and will forward them to their original address, or elsewhere, on their application by letter or otherwise.

The Conspiracy against Mexico.

ONE fact will stand recorded in History, to the utter disgrace of most of the so-called "Great Powers of Europe," giving the lie to all their pretensions of high morality and international principle, namely, the eagerness with which they seized on the interior disturbances and the temporary misfortunes of the United States, in order to gratify hate, of which fear alone had before forbidden the manifestation; envy, previously imprudent to express; and to compass sinister designs on the weaker American States, of which, dread of the power of this country alone had prevented the earlier avowal. The indecent haste of Spain to fasten on Santo Domingo was a confession of her cowardice. She trembled lest the restoration of the Union, in the plenitude of its strength, should take place before the consummation of her plans could be effected—just as the burglar becomes precipitate in his operations, lest the policeman may return on his beat before the locks are all pried open and the plate abstracted. And so, too, France, England and Spain hurriedly combined to rob Mexico of her nationality; in a trepidation of haste, lest the momentarily embarrassed, but natural and powerful protector of the free nationalities of this continent should intervene to put a defiant negative on

their villainous projects. So hastily was this unholy alliance framed, that the terms and conditions of the coalition, and the proportions of the confederates in the common plunder, could not be definitively fixed. The consequence has been, that after the three "villains of the plot" got fairly in Mexico, they fell by the ears, as cracksmen, and pirates, and highway robbers have often been known to do before them. England, with an eye to the main chance, wanted the lion's share of the cash; Spain to fasten some mooncalf of the Bourbon dynasty on a new throne in the New World, and Napoleon to play off Mexico as a pawn in his European schemes and combinations. He wanted to invest a Hapsburg dolt with the equivocal title of King of Mexico, and thereby purchase the possession of the famous Quadrilateral, before which he and his armies quailed and shrunk back only three years ago.

Meantime came a new complication. The succession of National victories, unbroken by a single reverse from the capture of Port Royal to this day, made it evident that the rebellion approached its end, and that the United States, in all her grand proportions, with a fleet ten times as heavy as before, with a cloud of impregnable ships growing up under the stout blows of her smiths, and with a million of men inured to arms in the field, would soon make her appearance in the arena. Persistence by Great Britain in the shameless robbery proposed at the outset would imperil her possession of Canada and her boasted dominion of the seas, and even bear-eyed Spain saw, with terrible distinctness, the peril of Cuba, and how short would be her hold on Santo Domingo, if she persisted in a policy which would soon bring her in collision with the greatest military power on the globe. And Spain and England withdrew from Mexico.

But Napoleon, the arch-perjurer of the age, and most unscrupulous and mouthing despot which curses the fair earth with his presence, has avowed his purpose to remain. On pretexts as false as they are shallow, he has undertaken war on the independence of Mexico. Taking up the quarrels of a set of adventurers and assassins like Almonte and Miramon, and with a real fellow-feeling, he proposes to overturn the constitutional government of Mexico—whether in the hope of converting that country into a colonial dependency, or to fasten on it some base spawn of a like bastard origin with himself, remains to be seen. We are glad he has undertaken this enterprise. It is the rock on which his power will split. "A breath has made him, and a breath will unmake." The costly failure of French colonization in Algeria might have taught a man less conceited a lesson of usefulness. The French cannot colonize, and if the latent scheme exists—a bright and facile one no doubt to Gallic imagination—of having a French India in Mexico, the future will bring with it a disappointment more overwhelming than ever befel nation before. For, apart from national inadaptability on the part of the French, there remains a power to be consulted in the premises, as warlike, far more inventive, richer, with greater resources, and with double the physical, mental and moral stamina of France, which will allow no European power, or all Europe combined, to re-establish on this continent the exploded governmental systems of the Old World. This continent is consecrated to Free Institutions, and however base may have been the leaders of the Southern rebellion, and however ready to kiss the feet of European despots to secure an intervention which might save their forfeit necks from the cheated gallows—whatever these men may have done, we yet know that there is not a soldier in the Southern army but is ready to shake hands with his Northern antagonist, and forgetting past differences and animosities, unite in a common crusade against French, English, Spanish, or whatever other attempt on the integrity and national life of the Independent States of America.

The French, in common with the Spanish and English, agreed on a Convention with the Mexicans, shortly after landing (without opposition) at Vera Cruz, by the terms of which they were to be permitted to move their troops from the pestilential coast to the healthful interior, to Soledad, where negotiations were to take place. In event of the failure of these negotiations, the intruders were to retire to their original positions, and resume the *statu quo ante bellum*. These negotiations, at least so far as France is concerned, have failed, and although the English and Spanish have left the country, the French, with a dirty and characteristic perfidy, have refused to do so, and have taken advantage of a position obtained under the most solemn compromises to commence a hostile march on the city of Mexico! We doubt if they ever reach there; but the infamy of their conduct will remain the same, whatever the result. Thus far they have achieved a "great victory," which, no doubt, will lead to illuminations in Paris, and perhaps to the daubing of half an acre of canvas by Horace Vernet. In other words the French army in Mexico has defeated a Mexican force of—well, 80 men! It will figure in Parisian bulletins as 8,000, at the least, for there is no people who can lie so sublimely as the French. *Vide* Beauregard (whose real name is Toutant, plebeian but real), who is one of them.

The reasons, or rather pretexts, given by the frog-eaters for violating their faith with Mexico, and for making war, are four—the first of which is a paraphrase of the old story of the wolf and the lamb, viz:

- "1. The declaration of war on the part of the Government of President Juarez.
- "2. The assassination of several French soldiers in the neighborhood of their camps.
- "3. The annoyance caused them by various guerillas.
- "4. The entire interception of all kinds of food."

The last pretext, converted into intelligible language, means, we suppose, that the Mexicans have stopped off the supply of onions from the Zouaves d'Afrique!

It is said that the French have occupied Orizaba, but that the Mexicans have become much aroused, and are concentrating troops to oppose any further advance, under Gen. Zaragoza, who has issued the following

Proclamation.

"The treaties agreed to at Soledad on the 19th of February last, with the allied forces, have been broken by the French, and without any cause whatever, they have provoked us to take up arms. They feign to offer us a foreign sovereign, and, deeming us unworthy of the independence which our heroes conquered with their blood, they look upon us as imbecile men, easily governed by the power of the bayonet. They desire themselves, and forget that oppression is as nothing against a free

people; nor can they be conquered by force. Nothing can intimidate nor crush a people who, proud of their history, have scarcely seen a year since they reconquered their liberties; for such a people, having a conviction of their dignity, will know how to repel so bold an aggression, and will add another page to their brilliant annals. Mexico accepts war; she has not provoked it; but she accepts it with honor, and she is proud to know that she has faithfully fulfilled her word which was pledged in the preliminary conferences. Her faith has been decided, and the responsibilities of war will fall upon the nation that so unjustly and without reason attempts to enslave her. Nations, the whole world over, will do us justice, if fortune should be against us. If we perish gloriously in our defence, posterity will gather up our names and imitate our example.

"England and Spain, with more justice and less exigence, have left our soil, and avoided complicity in an undertaking in which they never sought to intrude their arms. More impartial, they were soon deceived concerning the condition in which we were found, and they did not hesitate in paying to our flag the tribute which is due to it. They deserve our thanks for such honorable conduct.

"New sacrifices now impend over us; new fatigues we must endure, and new battles we must fight. But, before the sublime idea of our liberty, nothing can make us quail. Death itself must be indifferent to us; and, above all things—absolutely above everything—in this moment, we should have no other thought than the welfare of our unfortunate country, and no other object but her defence. Courage and union, and there can be no doubt of triumph.

"The degenerate son of the immortal Marcos, with two or three other spurious Mexicans, unworthy of the air which they breathe, accompany the invader, and, with delusion, hope to form a party that will aid them in their unjust designs; but in this also they deceive themselves. The people—the true people, who so often have shed their blood in defence of their holiest rights—regard them with indignation and despise them, because they know what to hope from those speculators who, in their delirium, have not hesitated to place the sovereignty of Mexico at the feet of Maximilian. Ignorant of recent events, they do not know that the people who have descended from Hidalgo never shun the battle, and that they know how to fall in a manner worthy of their origin rather than consent that their precious liberty, which has cost so many sacrifices, should be snatched from them with impunity.

"It has been my fortune to be the one first to lead the national army to victory, and I am animated by the firm hope that their efforts and devotion will be seconded by all Mexicans, from whom I have received proofs of their love of country and of their self-abnegation in moments of misfortune.

"Liberty and reform!
I. ZARAGOZA.
HEADQUARTERS, IN CHALCHICOLUMA, April 14, 1862."

We shall await with interest the result of the movements in Mexico, second in importance only to those which are going on in our own country, with an abiding faith that this impertinent attempt of the perjured adventurer who tyrannizes over the French people to enact the rôle of dictator on this Continent, will recoil on his own head, to the ruin of himself and the overthrow of the dynasty which he seeks to establish.

A Noble Letter—The United States and Mexico.

WE congratulate the country that the Secretary of State of the United States has reformed his vicious style, or has, at least, secured a clerk who has never been seduced from the path of rectitude in composition by the tinkle of a false rhetoric. Mr. Seward has issued a circular letter to our Ministers abroad, defining the position of this country on the Mexican question, which is worthy of the palmiest days of American statesmanship. It is clear, moderate and earnest, proper to its subject, and infinitely more creditable to the writer than the whole big volume of balderdash which the Secretary obtruded on the public, under the title of "Diplomatic Correspondence," and had printed at the expense of the Nation, without waiting for the cheap and easily obtained compliment of "a call" from either branch of Congress. It is a real satisfaction to have an opportunity to praise Mr. Seward, who is a narrow politician, a conceited, *ad captandum* statesman, a disappointed aspirant, a pretentious orator, a shallow student and an agonizing rhetorician, who mistakes notoriety for reputation, prates of natural and constitutional rights, and does not hesitate to outrage both, and who is generally unfit to be the Secretary of State of any country respecting itself or wishing to be respected abroad. Yet the subjoined letter will go far to establish a claim to respect for him on the part of this and future generations, and we are happy, as an exponent of popular feeling in this country, to accord it our full approbation:

"WASHINGTON, March 3, 1862.
"Sir—We observe indications of a growing impression in Europe that the demonstration made by the Spanish, French and British forces against Mexico is likely to provoke a revolution in that country, which shall bring about the introduction of a Monarchical Government, and the assumption of the crown by a foreign prince. Our country is deeply interested in the peace of the world, and desires to preserve loyal relations as well with the Allies as Mexico. The President has, therefore, directed me to submit to the parties interested his views on the new aspect of affairs.

"The President has relied upon the assurance given his Government by the Allies, that they were in pursuit of no political object, but the redress of their grievances. He entertains no doubt of the sincerity of the Allies; and if his confidence in their good faith had been disturbed, it would be restored by the frank explanations given by them, that the Governments of Spain, France and Great Britain have no intention of intervening to procure a change in the constitutional form of Government now existing in Mexico, or any political change which should be in opposition to the will of the Mexican people. In short, he has cause to believe that the Allies are unanimous in declaring that the revolution proposed to Mexico is solely prompted by certain Mexican citizens who are now in Europe.

"Nevertheless, the President regards it as his duty to express to the Allies, in all kindness and candor, that a monarchical Government established in Mexico, in the presence of foreign fleets and armies occupying the waters and the soil of Mexico, has no promise of security or permanence; in the second place, that the instability of such a monarchy would be enhanced if the throne were assigned to a person alien to Mexico; that in these circumstances the new Government would instantly fall unless sustained by European alliances, which, under the influence of the first invasion, would be practically the beginning of a permanent policy of armed intervention by monarchical Europe, at once injurious and inimical to the system of Government generally adopted by the American continent.

"These views are based upon some knowledge of the opinions and political habits of American society. There can be no doubt that in this matter the permanent interests and sympathies of our country would be on the side of the other American Republics.

"We must not be understood as predicting on this occasion the course of events which may ensue, both in America and Europe, from the steps which are contemplated. It is enough to say that, in the opinion of the President, the emancipation of the American continent from the control of Europe has been the principle characteristic of the past half century. It is not probable that a revolution in the opposite direction can succeed in the age which immediately follows this period, and while the population of America increases so rapidly, while its resources develop in the same proportion, and while society forms itself uniformly according to the principles of the American Democratic Government.

"It is unnecessary to indicate to the Allies how improbable it is that the nations of Europe would accept cheerfully a policy favorable to a similar counter-revolution, thus incompatible with their own proper interests. Nor is it necessary to point out that, notwithstanding the care of the Allies to avoid aiding, by means of their land and maritime forces, the internal revolutions of Mexico, the result would be none the less due to the presence of their forces in the country, however different the object they may have proposed; for without their presence it may be considered as certain that such revolutions would probably not have been attempted or even conceived.

"The Senate of the United States has certainly not accorded its official sanction to the measures proposed by the President, to lend our aid to the actual Mexican Government, in order that the latter might, with the approbation of the Allies, extricate itself from its present embarrassments. But this is strictly a question of internal administration. There could be no greater error than to see in this disagreement a divergence of opinion in our Government, or in the American people, in regard to their cordial wishes for the safety, welfare and stability of the Republican Government in that country.

"I am your obedient servant,
WM. H. SEWARD."

THE END OF A SNOR.—Mr. B. R. Russell, LL.D., etc., is out with a long rignarole letter to the London Times explaining how he was kicked out of the army of the Potomac, just as though the matter were of the slightest consequence or interest to anybody except himself. He goes through a column to show that he was a great friend of Gen. McClellan, and that Secretary Stanton was his enemy, and that the President was afraid of him—afraid that he might write impartial history! The notion of such an arrant penny-a-liner writing history! He feels particularly bad because Mr. Stanton took no notice of his impertinent letters, and it seems, by his own confession, that he

attempted to go on board the army transports without a pass, such as all newspaper correspondents were obliged to obtain, whereupon he was properly bundled out with his baggage. By that time, as was once observed by a countryman of his, who had been kicked down two flights of stairs, he "began to suspect that he was not wanted."

EDUCATION IN NAPLES.—Some notion may be formed of the profound ignorance of the people of Italy from the fact that, in the Quarter of San Giuseppe, in Naples, there is a population of 47,000, of whom less than 3,000 can read, and less than 2,500 write!

COTTON IN CENTRAL AMERICA.—The President of Guatemala has offered three premiums, of \$4,000, \$3,000 and \$2,000 respectively, to the first three exporters of 1,000 quintals of cotton from that State, as a stimulus to cotton growing there.

THE EXPENSES OF THE WAR.—Secretary Chase says that the expenses of the war have been exaggerated; only an occasional day's expenses have run them up to the maximum stated in the newspapers. On a thorough review of our past, present and prospective expenses, he does not estimate the total debt on July 1st at over \$600,000,000.

A SEA CHANGE.—An English paragraphist says that the necessary reconstruction of the British Navy will effect an entire change of nautical phraseology. "Shiver my timbers!" will become obsolete; and the corresponding exclamation will be, "Unrivet my plates." Instead of "Scuttle my coppers!" the dramatic Jack Tar will have to say "Foul my screw!" or "Smash my cupola!" and whereas he used to utter imprecations on his bowsprit, he will henceforth perhaps invoke injury on his bowsplitter.

REBEL BARBARY.—The following letter is said to have been picked up at Centerville, having been left there by the rebels:

"I send home for Ben the under jaw of a Yankee, which pa will keep for him; it came from the battle-field. Persons go to the field with large bags and fill them with bones of all kinds and carry them off. I saw two men shot yesterday, Tigers from New Orleans. They were killed for mutiny, shot at the stake by their own company."

THERE IS A GROWING ACTIVITY IN THE COTTON TRADE AT NASHVILLE. The Union says: "The cotton wagons are passing continually through our streets. Frequently a train of heavy loaded teams may be seen at once. The days of sense are returning."

In discussing the right of secession, it is to be remembered that the States of the Union are not, and never were, in the condition of Sovereign Powers making a compact which any of them are at liberty to terminate; but that more than two-thirds of them have come into existence under, and are the offspring of, that very Union which some of them are now striving to rend asunder.

EXECUTION OF A SPY.—Timothy Webster, who was hung at Richmond a few days since as a spy, was in the employment of one of the rebel departments, as a letter-carrier between Richmond and Maryland. It is said, as an apology for his execution, that he used to take the letters received at Richmond to Washington, where they were copied, and the answers received were served in the same way, thus being used as evidence against the parties, as many of them have found to their cost by subsequent arrest and incarceration in Northern forts. This is the statement of the Richmond papers. He appears to have met his fate manfully. His wife is under arrest as a spy, and will be sent out of the Confederacy.

LESLIE'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WAR.—This valuable History of the War continues to grow in favor with the public. The reading matter is selected with care, under the supervision of one who is qualified, and the engravings are of the highest order.—Ripley (Ohio) Bee.

AMONG the other inconceivable rubbish palmed off on the native Englishmen, is such stuff as the following from the New York, or pretended New York correspondent of the London Herald. He says he has great faith in the good sense of the President, but he cannot understand how "he puts up with a General-in-Chief who is guided by spiritual mediums. Gen. McClellan," he adds, "married Miss Marcy. Her uncle, Dr. Marcy, is the chief of the spiritualists in this city. I believe she is a medium. Instead of sending up balloons to discover the evacuation of Manassas, McClellan depended upon these mediums. He refuses to trust or believe anything that contraband negroes tell him, because he can get it through spiritual agencies. Oh, how fervently do we all hope to get safely out of the dark forest we are now in!"

TREASON DEFINED.—The following Order of Gen. Burnside will explain itself. Some of the Secessionists who remain within the lines of the army, emboldened by the clemency which has been shown them, have shown a want of appreciation of their true position, which has necessitated the issuing of this order:

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF NORTH CAROLINA, NEWBERNE, April 28, 1862.
General Orders, No. 28.—Whoever, after the issue of this Order, shall, within the limits to which the Union arms may extend in this Department, utter one word against the Government of these United States, will be at once arrested, and closely confined. It must be distinctly understood that this Department is under martial law, and treason, expressed or implied, will meet with a speedy punishment.
The Military Governor of Newberne is charged with the strict execution of this Order within the bounds of his control.
By command of Major-General Burnside,
LEWIS RICHMOND, Assist. Adj.-Gen.

A SPECIMEN.—The impostures practised by the Southern newspapers on their readers is something almost incredible. Thus the Columbus (Ga.) Sun, of the 10th of April, purports to give an account of the battle of Pittsburg Landing, derived from "Capt. Wright, Chief of the Ordnance Department of the regular C. S. A. Army," and therefore "official and reliable," in which it is stated that the rout of the Nationals was "complete;" "6,000 taken prisoners, 40,000 stand of arms captured, Buell positively dead and Senator Doolittle prisoner." Capt. Wright is positive about the Senator, whom he "had conversed with!" This is only a specimen of the impostures practised on the Southern people by their leaders and newspapers.

CONSANGUINITY.—The prohibition of marriage within certain degrees of consanguinity by the teachers and philosophers of the Oriental world was made a matter of religion, for the same reason that frequent abstinences, abstinence from wine and from pork were made matters of religious interdiction. That is to say, when the mass of men were incapable of philosophic and scientific appreciations, and impressible only through their superstitious notions or religious tendencies, their teachers were obliged to control them through appeals to their superstitions and religions. Hence the rigorous qualifications of the Jewish law as regards consanguinity in marriage. In modern times religion has yielded her control in this, as in sumptuary matters, to the requisitions of science on men sufficiently intelligent to comprehend the rational and philosophic importance and necessities. Dr. Devay, Professor of Clinical Medicine in the School of Medicine at Lyons (France), has published an interesting work on the disastrous effects of marriages among relations. He shows that union within certain limits of consanguinity are not only hurtful to the human race but also to animals. It is true that such unions among the latter may be promoted by breeders for profit's sake, but sterility is the usual consequence of the practice. In the human race, two circumstances have contributed to favor marriage among relations. The first occurs where a small population is pent up in some remote town or locality not easily accessible. The second case is that of families desirous of maintaining their rank in society, or preventing the dispersion of their fortune by marrying within their own circle. Dr. Devay states that out of 121 marriages of this kind observed by him 22 were barren. Only four of the number were marriages between uncles and grand nieces; the others were between cousins-german or the issue of cousins-german. When sterility does not occur, the issue is diseased, or afflicted with blindness or deafness;

also in many cases affected with irregularity of conformation. Of all these irregularities, polydactylism, or a multiplicity of fingers, is the most frequent. Dr. Devay has observed this in 17 out of the 121 cases above mentioned. He states that in a secluded spot, where the inhabitants had no communication with other populations, the being born with six fingers had become quite epidemic; and that this strange anomaly disappeared some time after a new road had been cut through the place.

TAKEN AT THEIR WORD.—The rebels left behind, on their evacuation of Yorktown, a good many guns, and some inscriptions on their walls, and among them the following:

"Follow us, and we will give you what you won't need. Just come out a few miles. All we want is a fair showing."

Well, they got the following at Williamsburg, and we wonder how they like the showing.

WITHIN 20 miles of Gen. Banks's headquarters a body of loyal Virginians, numbering now 500 and daily increasing, have thrown up earthworks, determined to resist to the last the attempt to draft them into the rebel service.

TREASURY NOTES.—Government bonds are at a premium, even before the Tax Bill is perfected, and the Assistant Treasurers of the United States are obliged to decline deposits of demand Treasury Notes at four per cent. interest, because of their redundancy. It is now proposed to issue \$25,000,000 of Treasury Notes of small denominations, 1's, 2's and 3's, to replace the trash of the multitudinous small and "wild-cat" banks throughout the country—"A consummation devoutly to be wished!" The Western members of Congress generally favor the proposition. They would prefer specie to small notes, but they say that no such choice is left to them. It is simply between Government small notes and those of distant and doubtful banks. It is said that Mr. Chase favors the plan, and the Senate Finance Committee is known to do so. Of one thing Congress may be assured, viz., that the people are in favor of Government small notes, and that brokers and shavers, of all sorts, are not.

THE rebels of the Border States, the cats-paws of the Cotton State conspirators, and who have borne the brunt and desolation of the war, are restive under the poorly disguised and often expressed purpose of the Cotton States to cut loose and set up a confederacy of their own, or as they phrase it, one "essentially Southern." This sinister purpose comes in for vehement denunciation in the Richmond Examiner, which concludes an article on the subject as follows:

"It would be wise if there had been no surrender, especially of rich and valuable territory, filled with loyal and brave Southern people; and it would be well, even now, if the giddy men who cherish the wild belief that the South can win, though the border States be evacuated, should banish the notion utterly from their minds."

COTTON.—Notwithstanding Jeff. Davis's ukase about the burning of cotton on the approach of the Yankee invaders, we notice that the cotton is not burned. It is rapidly coming forward from Tennessee. The Nashville Union reports:

"Buyers are scouring the country in all directions as far as the protection of the Federal lines extend, and sometimes even further. The planters are acting like men of practical sense, and are quick to trade. Good middling readily brings 16 and 17 cents in specie or United States Treasury notes, and 22 and 23 in current Tennessee paper. There is no holding back on the part of the planters. They all fully appreciate the immense benefits which reviving trade will scatter over an almost bankrupt country."

CANDIDATES for public offices in England are subjected to a competitive examination. This is well enough, and perhaps there is no better way of escaping the painful perplexity which would otherwise arise from the necessity of determining between claims which were seemingly identical. But the examiners sometimes ask very odd questions; here is one of them:

"The nightingale's thrilling note." "The soldiers are at drill." "The carpenter's drill." "The negroes are clothed in drill." "The horse's nostril." "The lasso thrills at the pin." Have the words marked in italics in each of these groups of passages any etymological connection with one another? If so, explain it."

If a correct answer to this question were the test of office, say that of member of Congress, how many of the members now in Washington would probably pass?

A NOVEL mode of giving the rebels news was recently practised by some of the soldiers of the 62d Pennsylvania regiment, before Yorktown. They caught a Secesh dog outside of the enemy's lines, and, fastening a copy of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, containing an account of the taking of Fort Pulaski, around his neck, they tied a tin kettle to his tail, and started him back to his brethren, whither he went at a 240 pace.

RAISING TROOPS IN TENNESSEE.—The Nashville Union tells us that, within a very short time, a large number of native Tennesseans, men of intelligence, character and influence, have applied to Gov. Johnson for authority to raise troops for the Federal army. One man has already raised a whole company in Bedford county, one of the wealthiest counties in Middle Tennessee, and we learn that a whole regiment will be raised there. Great interest is manifested in the work of enlistment in various quarters, and in a very short time we have no doubt that a much larger number of Tennesseans will volunteer in the Federal army than ever volunteered or were drafted into the rebel ranks.

A PARIS correspondent writes: "Talking of jewels, you may like to know how the celebrated pearl necklace of the Queen of the Demi-Monde sold the other day, at the house of which I sent you a passing notice. It brought \$16,000; it contained 600 pearls collected, on dit, from as many individuals. The entire jewellery brought upwards of \$60,000."

HOW SIEGE OPERATIONS ARE CONDUCTED.—A Yorktown correspondent of the World tells us how our men can throw up fortifications right in the face and in plain sight of the enemy without being seriously disturbed by them: "A working party is detailed for night duty; with muskets slung on their backs and shovels and picks on their shoulders, they proceed to the selected ground. The white tape marks the line of excavation, the dark lanterns are 'faced to the rear'; the muskets are carefully laid aside; the shovels are in hand, and each man silently commences to dig. Not a word is spoken; not one spade clicks against another; each man first digs a hole large enough to cover himself; he then turns and digs to his right-hand neighbor; then the ditch deepens and widens, and the parapet rises. Yet all is silent; the relief comes and the weary ones retire, the words and jests of the enemy are often plainly heard, while no noise from our men disturbs the stillness save the dull rattle of the earth as each spadeful is thrown to the top. At daylight, a long line of earthworks, affording complete protection to our men, greets the astonished eyes of the enemy, while the sharpshooters' bullets greet their ears. Frequently this work is done in open daylight, the sharpshooters and pickets keeping the enemy from annoying our men."

A REBEL STAMPEDE.—The rebel Congress has adjourned, and its members had dispersed themselves from Richmond with a haste which has been interpreted by the people of that city as implying a panic. The Richmond Whig is eminently disgusted with the alacrity which they exhibit in getting away, and satirized them reproachfully as follows in its issue of the 22d of April:

"For fear of accidents on the railroad, the stampeded Congress left yesterday in a number of the strongest and newest canal boats. These boats are drawn by mules of approved sweetness of temper. To protect the stampeded members from the waters and buffaloes that abound along the line of the canal, Gen. Winder has detailed a regiment of ladies to march in advance of the mules and clear the towpath of the pirates. The regiment is armed with popguns of the longest range. The ladies will accompany the stampeded to a secluded cave in the mountains of Hephzibah, and leave them there in charge of the children of the vicinage, until McClellan thinks proper to let them come forth. The ladies return to the defence of their country."

CONGRESSIONAL SUMMARY.

MONDAY, May 5.—In the Senate, a resolution was adopted directing the Military Committee to inquire into the propriety of extending the provisions of the act allowing \$100 bounty to honorably discharged volunteers, to volunteers disabled by wounds and discharged. The bill relative to the number of Major and Brigadier-Generals was reported back by the Military Committee, with an amendment fixing the number of Major-Generals at 30 instead of 20, which was adopted. The bill was then laid over, without action as to the number of Brigadier-Generals. A joint resolution to suspend all business under the act to secure to the officers and men employed in the Western Department their pay, bounty, pensions, etc., was introduced by Mr. Wilson, and referred. A joint resolution in favor of an exchange of prisoners of war was also referred. The Homestead and Confiscation bills were discussed, an executive session held, and the Senate adjourned.

In the House of Representatives, there was nothing of public importance.

TUESDAY, May 6.—In the Senate, a resolution was offered by Mr. Sherman, of Ohio, and laid over, asking the Secretary of War for copies of all reports of the battles at Pittsburg Landing. The Homestead bill was taken up and passed—33 to 7.

In the House, the Senate bill appropriating \$2,500 to indemnify the owners and officers of the Spanish barque Providence, illegally detained by the blockade, was reported. A bill to punish frauds on the Government was introduced by unanimous consent, and referred to the Judiciary Committee. A resolution from the Judiciary Committee, providing for a Committee of Two to acquaint the Senate of the impeachment of Judge Humphreys, of Tennessee, was adopted. Measures will be taken to bring Judge Humphreys before the bar of the Senate to answer the charges against him. He has been a strong rebel sympathizer, and has in all cases favored the rebel cause when it was possible for him to do so. The Pacific Railroad and Telegraph bill was taken up, and after a brief debate was passed—79 against 40. The case of Mr. Segur, claiming a seat from the First District of Virginia, was at last decided in his favor, by 24 majority. Mr. Segur immediately assumed his seat and his duties, after taking the requisite oath.

WEDNESDAY, May 7.—In the Senate, the House bill appropriating \$30,000,000 for the support of the army for the year ending June 30, 1863, was reported by the Finance Committee, and after a brief discussion as to the number of men in the army, laid aside. The House bill to provide increased revenue was passed. A resolution was adopted directing inquiry as to what legislation is necessary with reference to the vessels seized by the rebels at New Orleans and other ports, and reported. Mr. Sumner offered a resolution for the expulsion of Senator Starke, of Oregon, who is charged with disloyalty, which was laid over. The House Committee appointed to impeach Judge Humphreys, of Tennessee, charged with high crimes and misdemeanors, appeared in the Senate and stated their business; but no action was taken on the subject. A bill regarding the number of Generals in the army was debated; but no action taken. The Select Committee on the Confiscation bill was announced, as follows: Messrs. Clark, of New Hampshire; Collamer, of Vermont; Harlan, of Iowa; Cowan, of Pennsylvania; Wilson, of Massachusetts; Sherman, of Ohio; Henderson, of Missouri; and Wiley, of Virginia. After an executive session the Senate adjourned.

In the House a bill making Fort Royal, S. C., a port of entry, was passed, and Mr. Daily was confirmed in his seat as delegate from Nebraska.

THURSDAY, May 8.—In the Senate, Messrs. Foster, of Connecticut, Doolittle, of Wisconsin, and Davis, of Kentucky, were appointed a Special Committee to consider the Humphreys impeachment case presented by the House. The House bill to establish a port of entry and delivery at Hilton Head, S. C., was passed. A petition from citizens of Florida, asking the passage of a confiscation bill, was presented. The bill making an appropriation for the payment of volunteers was taken up, and, after some debate, was passed. The bill limiting the number of Major and Brigadier-Generals was also passed. The number is fixed at 30 of the former and 200 of the latter. The bill to establish a Department of Agriculture was passed—25 to 13—after considerable debate.

In the House, the Iowa contested election case, which involves the question of the right of Mr. Vandever to a seat while holding a military commission, was postponed until the first Wednesday in December. A resolution was adopted directing the Secretary at War to inform the House of the circumstances attending the assassination of Robert E. Scott and a Mr. Dulaney. Mr. Lovejoy, of Illinois, then called upon his bill to secure freedom to all persons within the exclusive jurisdiction of the National Government—in other words, to exclude slavery for ever from the territories of the United States. Mr. Lovejoy demanded the previous question upon its passage. Mr. Cox, of Ohio, moved to lay it on the table, but the motion was negatived, 65 to 50.

FRIDAY, May 9.—In the Senate, The resolution presented by Mr. Sherman, of Ohio, calling for the reports of the officers commanding in the two battles of Pittsburg Landing, was taken up and debated at considerable length. It was finally passed. The bill for the education of colored children in the District of Columbia was passed, 28 to 7.

In the House, Mr. Lovejoy, of Illinois, offered resolutions giving thanks to Almighty God for the recent successes of our armies against the rebels—expressing special satisfaction at the great triumphs of the Army of the Potomac, and tendering the sincere thanks of the House to General McClellan for the display of those high military qualities which secure important results with but little sacrifice of human life. The resolutions were adopted. Mr. Lovejoy offered a substitute modifying the bill introduced by him on Thursday, and asked upon so many amendments to the bill that it was impossible to get it to the table was disagreed to—65 to 50. Mr. Lovejoy demanded the previous question, but the House refused to second the demand. Mr. Lovejoy then moved to recommittal of the bill, and a long debate then occurred on the merits of the negro question generally, in which a number of members took part.

OBITUARY.

REV. NATHAN BANGS.—The Methodist Episcopal Church has lost one of its patriarchal lights and most distinguished ornaments, in the death of the Rev. Nathan Bangs, D.D., who died in this city on the morning of the 3d of May. He had been for upwards of 50 years identified with the Methodist Episcopal Church, and a full biography of him would be a history of Methodism in the United States.

He was born May 2, 1778, at Stratford, Conn., and at the age of 13 removed to Stamford, N. Y. At 21 he removed to Upper Canada, where he was employed as surveyor and teacher. In 1800 he became a member of the Methodist Church. In 1801 he entered the ministry, and for six months labored in Canada, from the river Thames region, nearly opposite to Detroit, to Quebec, a distance of 300 miles, through a country at that time almost a wilderness. In 1808 he attended the General Conference, and sat in every subsequent General Conference except those of 1845 and 1856. In 1810 he was first appointed in the City of New York, then one circuit, with five preaching places; and it is a somewhat remarkable fact in the life of an itinerant Methodist clergyman that, with the exception of one year, during which he was President of the Wesleyan University, the last 45 years of his life were spent in New York and Brooklyn.

In 1820 Dr. Bangs was elected book agent. At that time, the entire business of a concern that now vies with any book establishment in the world was carried on in a room in the dwelling-house No. 41 John street. Dr. Bangs infused new life into the concern, and on his own responsibility purchased premises in Crosby street, which proved to be the beginning of a new and prosperous era in that branch of the church organization.

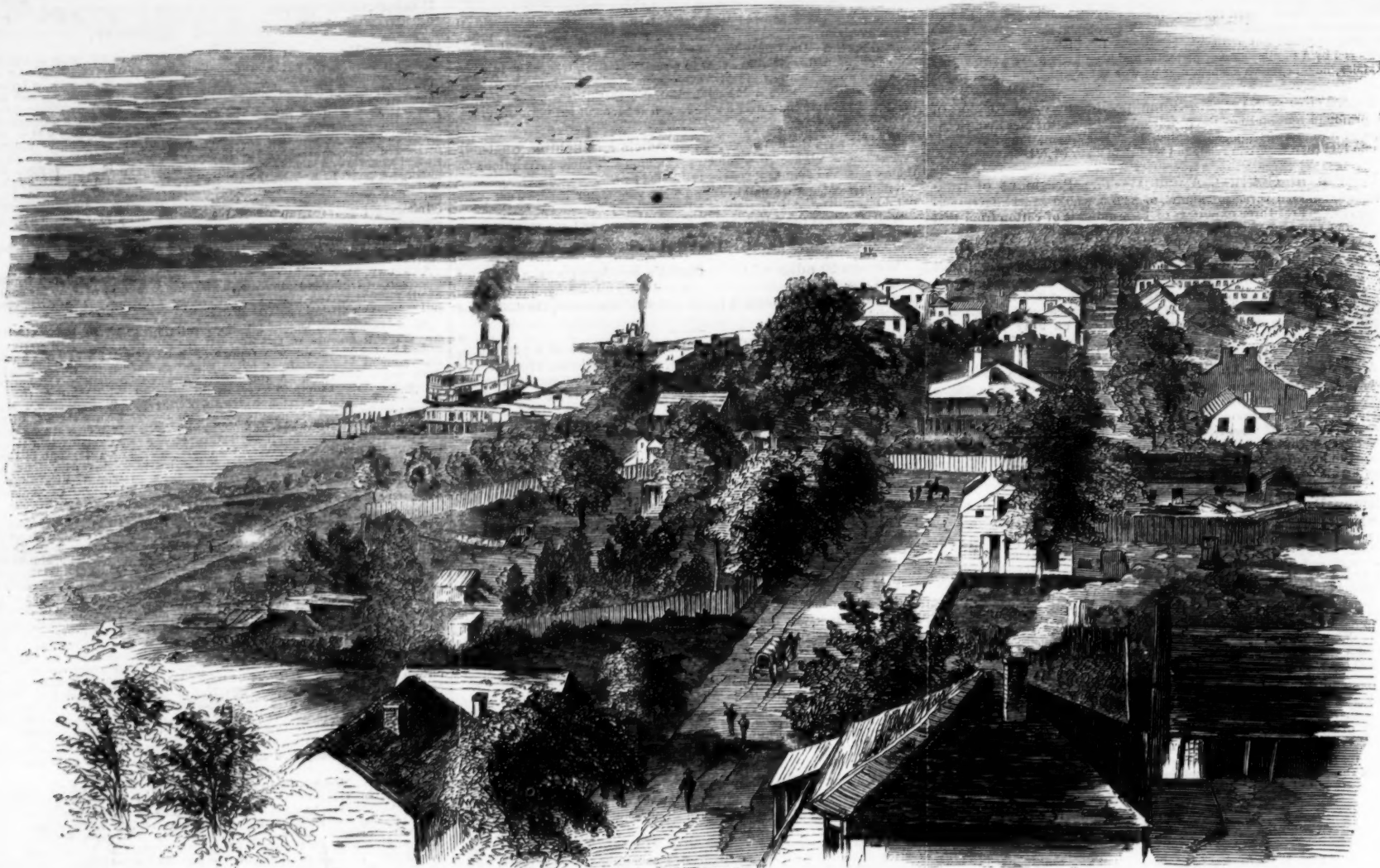
In 1828 he was appointed editor of the *Christian Advocate and Journal*. In 1829 he published the "Life of Rev. Freeborn Garrettson." In 1832, his "Authentic History of the Missions under the care of the Methodist Episcopal Church." In 1830 he was appointed editor of the *Methodist Quarterly*, in which department he experienced great lack of assistance, and worked indeed almost single-handed. He published also an "Essay on Emancipation," treating briefly of the history of Slavery, and of its introduction into this country, and proposing a plan for its removal, the substance of which was that "Congress make a proposition to the several Slave States that so much per head shall be allowed for every slave who shall be emancipated, leaving it to the State Legislatures respectively to adopt their own measures for effecting the object."

Dr. Bangs was one of the originators of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. In 1838 he published the first volume of his widely known "History of Methodism." The other three volumes appeared in rapid succession.

With the exception of Rev. Dr. Spring, Dr. Bangs has been longer in this city than any other clergyman. No man's name stood in higher repute. His unspotted life, his simplicity of character, his earnest devotion to goodness and truth, and his no less earnest hatred of wrong, gained him the love and esteem of all denominations of Christians in New York, while his intellectual force and energy have left their mark upon the moral condition of the city.

Dr. Bangs was an able presiding officer and especially in cases of ecclesiastical trials. The warmth of esteem felt toward him by his brethren and friends was shown about two years ago, when a number of them presented him with a cane, inscribed within which were \$2,000 in gold. And again, also on the occasion of his "golden wedding," April 23, 1858. The church he so long and so faithfully served will mourn over his decease "as when a standard-bearer fainteth."

At a recent reception given by the pastor of a church in Marlboro, Mass., there were present 19 ladies whose united ages amounted to 1,292 years. The average age of the party was 70. One of the ladies was born before the Declaration of American Independence, and nine were born before the close of the Revolution.



BATON ROUGE, LOOKING FROM THE TOP OF THE STATE-HOUSE, UP THE RIVER.

BATON ROUGE, LOUISIANA.

The reported occupation of Baton Rouge gives a special interest to a place which has been the workshop and arsenal of the rebels in the South-West. It is situated on the first bluff that presents itself coming up the lower Mississippi, the place being so designated from a tradition, that on this spot the early voyagers found a "stick," set up by the Indians and painted red, indicating that any intrusion by the whites on the soil would be the signal of war. This significant custom was common to all the aboriginal inhabitants. Western New York has its thriving town of *Painted Post*. From the mouth of the Mississippi it is 230 miles to Baton Rouge, from New Orleans 120. The bluff is one of the handsomest on the river, being really only some 30 feet above high-water mark, and as level upon its top as a table.

Some 12 years ago the then creole village was, after years of legislative wrangling, selected for the capital of the State, and a Mr. Dakin, an architect of New York, was selected to

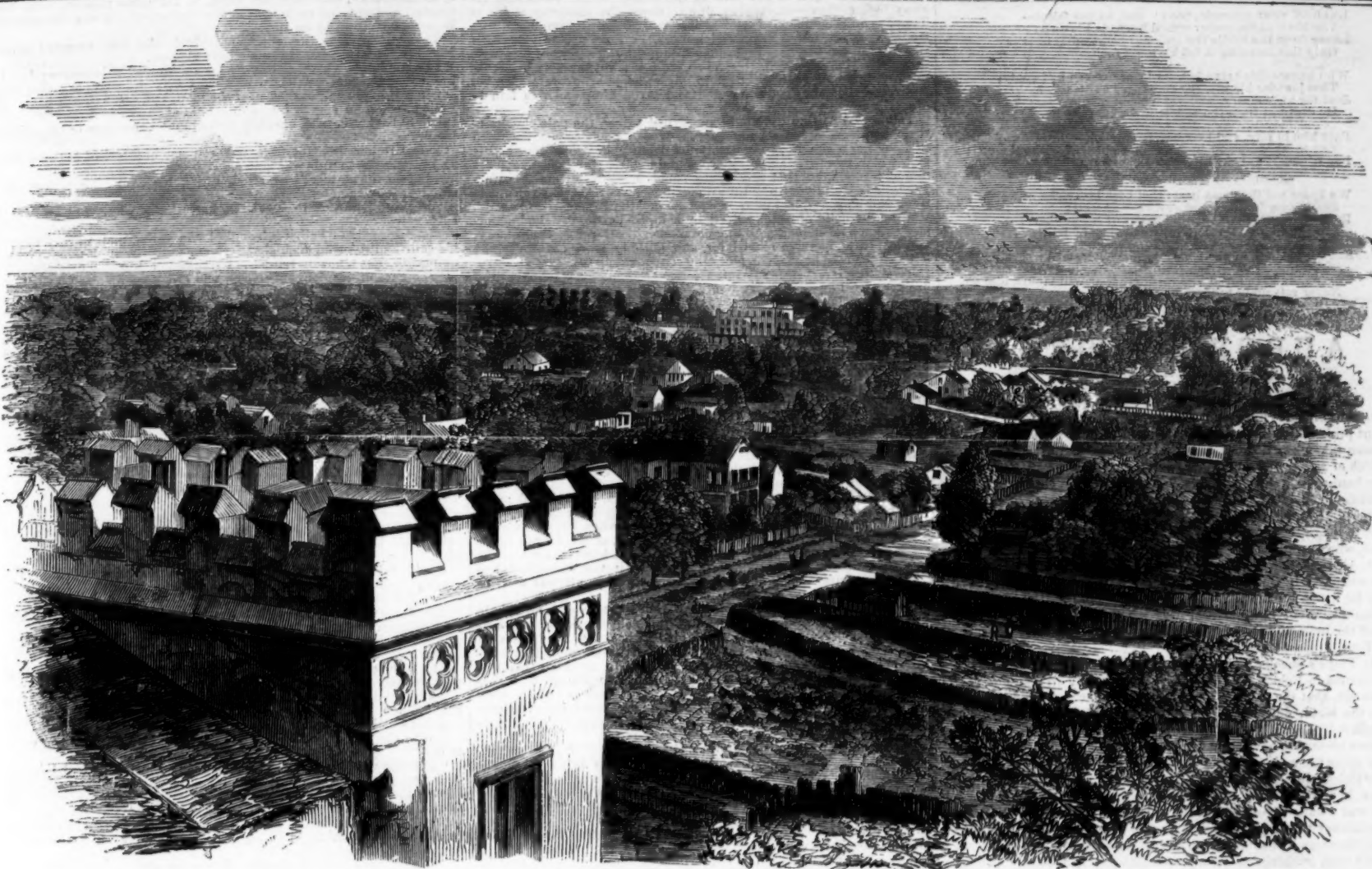
put up the official structure. In keeping with most of our public buildings, it is externally of an imposing appearance, made up of square towers, which seem to be grouped for the purpose of balancing one against the other. The top is surrounded with high parapets. The interior is, of course, sacrificed to the caprices of the outside show, the Senate Chamber and the Representative Hall being placed in two of the many wings, for almost the whole interior is taken up with enormous openings in the floors to let in light from the windows placed in the roof. On the first floor are the offices of Government officials. On the same level is Powers's statue of Washington, ordered for the Capitol when it was in New Orleans, but sent, when completed, to the Capitol of Baton Rouge, where no place could be found for it except under the gallery of the lower floor; it is consequently but imperfectly seen at any time, and in dark days appears but a dim mass of dingy white. The platform built up for the Speaker is a complicated piece of barbaric gothic, and takes up a prominent portion of the Hall; it is, in fact, a miniature

representation of the building, on the top of which the presiding officer makes but little impression, and he is further concealed by the back of his chair which is some 12 feet high, turreted to "harmonize with the surrounding architecture." On the right of the Speaker's chair is a full length portrait of Stuart's Washington, and on the left a picture of corresponding size representing General Taylor as he appeared on the battle-field of Buena Vista. It is a faithful likeness and a fine picture, from the pencil of the General's personal friend, and at one time military companion, Col. T. B. Thorpe.

Our four views of Baton Rouge are taken from the top of the State House. It will be perceived that the town is almost buried in trees, shade being an absolute necessity. In the background of the fourth picture are the buildings belonging to the State Prison. They are commodious, and have safe accommodations for 400 prisoners. The inmates, up to the time of the rebellion, were profitably employed making negro clothing and coarse bagging for enveloping



BATON ROUGE, LOOKING DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER TOWARD NEW ORLEANS.



BATON ROUGE, LOOKING INLAND, SHOWING THE BEST PRIVATE RESIDENCES.

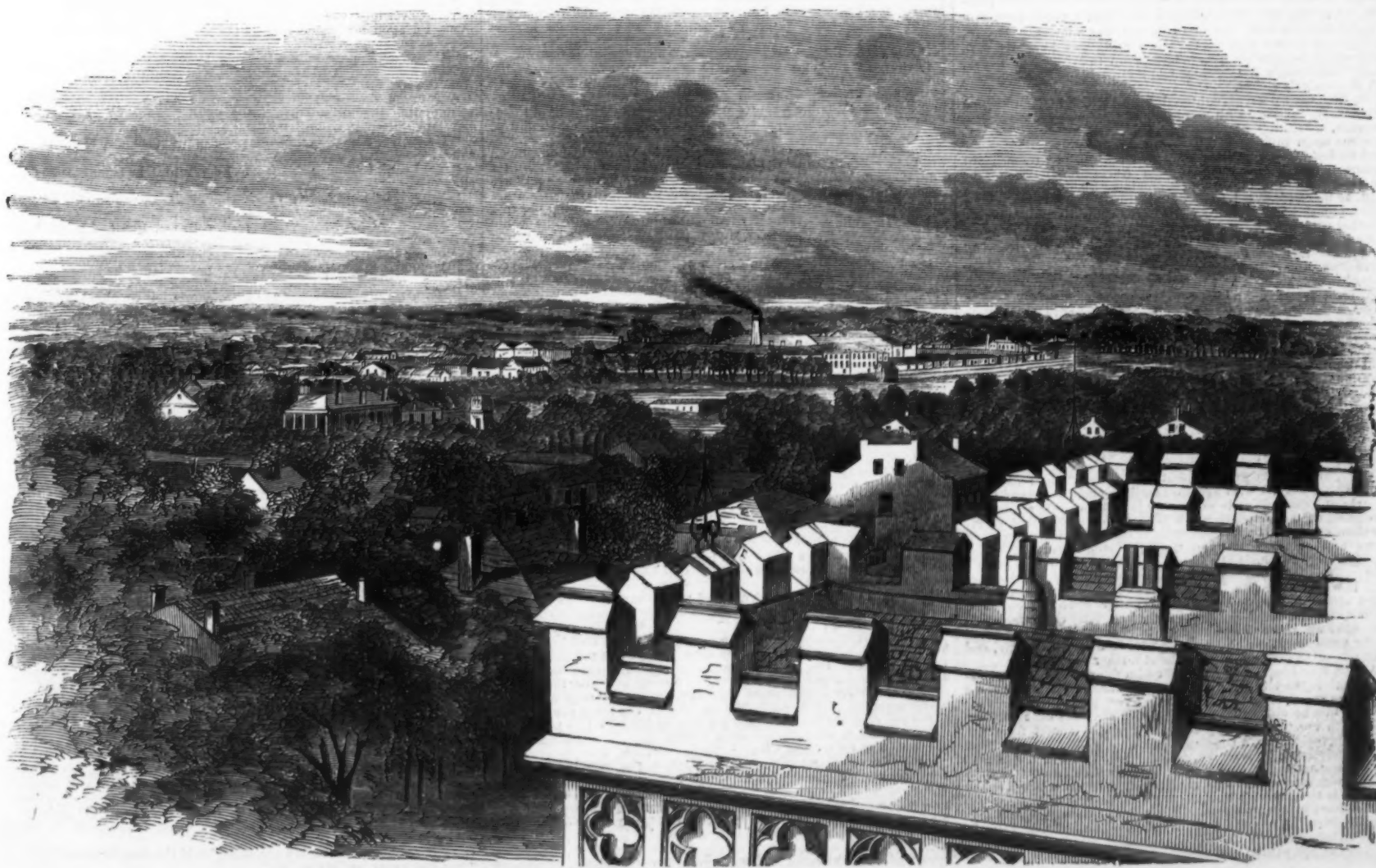
cotton bales. Prominent among the residences is a school, under the charge of the Sisters of Charity, and also can be discerned the square tower of the Presbyterian Church. The second picture presents at a glance the residences of many of the wealthier citizens, though the low one-storey and simple style of the earlier and less fashionable inhabitants prevails. The second picture is a view of the city looking towards New Orleans. The first picture is interesting, as it gives a panoramic view of the principal street of the town, which, it will be seen, runs up until ended by the now classic grounds of the U. S. barracks and arsenal. A little examination discovers the parade ground and buildings of the barracks running along the river front, in the rear those belonging to the arsenal. Before the annexation of Texas these military works were on the frontiers, and are considered among the most pleasant and important in possession of the Government. For nearly 50 years they have been occupied, one time or another, by our most distinguished

officers. Just on the river bank was the modest little one-storey frame building occupied for years by Gen. Taylor, and the residence he lived in when President elect.

The arsenal grounds are large, remarkably pleasant, and the buildings and military stores had, up to the rebellion, always been remarkably well kept. When Baton Rouge was taken possession of by the rebel forces from New Orleans, 700 strong, it was in command of Major Hawkins and 20 men, the soldiers being merely used to look after the buildings and property. The commander's residence was appropriated by Gov. Moore, of Louisiana. We presume, when we hear details regarding the repossession of the place, that he was turned out. To the old inhabitants of Baton Rouge the officers and the garrison have always been the pleasant features of the town, and the seat of the most generous hospitality. Hardly an old family by these courtesies has escaped "entangling alliances" by intermarriage with the officers. At the "landing" is seen one of the popular packets that ply

between the c. y and New Orleans. Of all cities of the extreme South, no one is pleasanter, more healthy, or more picturesque than Baton Rouge.

MR. GEORGE W. CARLETON has in press a translation of Victor Hugo's last romance, "Les Misérables." A curious interest attaches to this work, not only on account of the large price paid for it by the French publisher—\$30,000 for 50,000 copies—but in connection with its elder brother, "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," which was accepted by its publisher on condition that he should bring out every succeeding work by the same author. "The Hunchback" proved a brilliant success, and made the fortune of the publisher. Victor Hugo then wrote "Les Misérables," determining to respect the condition, but to make his own terms with the unscrupulous brain-trafficker. These terms were at once rejected, and the author, unreleased from the old obligation, was obliged to put by his manuscript for a more favorable season. Year after year he renewed the proposals, increasing each year his demand, until at last the publisher died, and after waiting nearly a quarter of a century, the well-seasoned if not seasonable "Les Misérables" appears.



BATON ROUGE, LOOKING INLAND—PRESTENTARY BUILDINGS IN THE BACKGROUND.

THE FALLEN SOLDIER.

BEAR off your comrade, boys! See, he has fallen—
The blow at his leader aimed he made his own:
Loose from the bridle the stiffened hand softly:
Only this morning it fed his good roan.

Who knows this brave lad, for he scarce can be twenty,
That just for his country was eager to die?
Just for his country, without hope of glory,
He dropped from the saddle in darkness to lie.

Bear him in pity, and bear him in anguish—
You think them soft lips, but they changed without moan;
For I, who rode next him, snoring forward and clasped him,
And held both his hands, to the last, in my own.

We knew not the great heart that bore him right onward,
Beating its twenty good years out so well;
But, comrades, I felt the thin hands of his mother
Bearing him up through my own when he fell.

Sad 'tis to think of the lonely brown homestead
Set in the bleak, barren North hills afar—
There they have loved him so, there they will mourn him so,
Never returning to them from the war.

AURORA FLOYD.

CHAPTER VII.—AURORA'S STRANGE PENSIONER.

ARCHIBALD FLOYD received the news of his daughter's choice with evident pride and satisfaction. It seemed as if some heavy burden had been taken away, as if some cruel shadow had been lifted from the lives of father and daughter.

The banker took his family back to Felden Woods, with Talbot Bulstrode in his train; and the chintz rooms, pretty, cheerful chambers, with bow-windows, that looked across the well-kept stable-yard into long glades of oak and beech, were prepared for the ex-hussar, who was to spend his Christmas at Felden.

Mrs. Alexander and her husband were established with their family in the western wing, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew were located at the eastern angle, for it was the hospitable custom of the old banker to summon his kinsfolk about him early in December, and to keep them with him till the bells of romantic Beckenham church had heralded in the New Year.

Lucy Floyd's cheeks had lost much of their delicate color when she returned to Felden, and it was pronounced by all who observed the change, that the air of East Cliff, and the autumn winds drifting across the bleak downs, had been too much for the young lady's strength.

Aurora seemed to have burst forth into some new and more glorious beauty since the morning upon which she had accepted the hand of Talbot Bulstrode. There was a proud defiance in her manner, which became her better than gentleness becomes far lovelier women. There was a haughty insouciance about this young lady which gave new brilliancy to her great black eyes and new music to her joyous laugh. She was like some beautiful, noisy, boisterous waterfall, for ever dancing, rushing, sparkling, scintillating and utterly defying you to do anything but admire it. Talbot Bulstrode, having once abandoned himself to the spell of the syren, made no further struggle, but fairly fell into the pitfalls of her eyes, and was entangled in the meshy network of her blue-black hair. The greater the tension of the bowstring, the stronger the rebound thereof; and Talbot Bulstrode was as weak to give way at last as he had long been powerful to resist. I must write his story in the commonest words. He could not help it! He loved her: not because he thought her better, or wiser, or lovelier, or more suited to him than many other women—indeed he had grave doubts upon every one of these points—but because it was his destiny, and he loved her.

What is that hard word which M. Victor Hugo puts into the mouth of the priest in the "Hunchback of Notre Dame" as an excuse for the darkness of his sin? "Anathema!" It was his fate. So he wrote to his mother, and told her that he had chosen a wife, who was to sit in the halls of Bulstrode, and whose name was to be interwoven with the chronicles of the house; told her, moreover, that Miss Floyd was a banker's daughter, beautiful and fascinating, with big black eyes, and £50,000 for her dowry. Lady Raleigh Bulstrode answered her son's letter upon a quarter of a quire of note-paper, filled with fearful motherly prayers and suggestions, anxious hopes that he had chosen wisely, questionings as to the opinions and religious principles of the young lady—much, indeed, that Talbot would have been sorely puzzled to answer. Enclosed in this was a letter to Aurora, a womanly and tender epistle, in which pride was tempered with love, and which brought big tears welling up to Miss Floyd's eyes, until Lady Bulstrode's firm penmanship grew blotted and blurred beneath the reader's vision.

And whither went poor, slaughtered John Mellish? He returned to Mellish Park, carrying with him his dogs, his horses, and grooms, and phaeton, and other paraphernalia; but his grief—having unluckily come upon him after the racing season—was too much for him, and he fled away from the roomy old mansion, with its pleasant surroundings of park and woodland—for Aurora Floyd was not for him, and it was all flat, stale and unprofitable. So he went to Paris, or *Paris*, as he called that imperial city, and established himself in the biggest chambers at Meurice's, and went backwards and forwards between that establishment and Galignani's ten times a day in quest of the English papers. He dined daintily at Vefour's, the Trois Freres, and the Café de Paris. His big voice was heard at every expensive dining-place in Paris, ordering "*Toos killyar de melodyour; rous sares.*" But he sent the daintiest dishes away untasted, and would sit for a quarter of an hour counting the toothpicks in the tiny blue vases, and thinking of Aurora. He rode dismally in the Bois de Boulogne, sat shivering in *cafés chantants*, listening to the songs that always seemed set to the same melody. He haunted the circuses, and was well nigh in love with a fair *manège* rider, who had black eyes and reminded him of Aurora; till, upon buying the most powerful opera-glass that the Rue de Rivoli could afford, he discovered that the lady's face was an inch deep in a certain whitewash called *blanc rosati*, and that the chief glory of her eyes were the rings of Indian ink which surrounded them. He could have dashed that double-barrelled truth-revealer to the ground and trodden the lenses to powder with his heel in his passion of despair. Better to have been for ever deceived, to have gone on believing that woman to be like Aurora, and to have gone to that circus every night until his hair grew white, but not with age, and until he pined away and died.

The party at Felden Woods was a very joyous one. The voices of children made the house pleasant; noisy lads from Eton and Westminster clambered about the balustrades of the staircases, and played battledore and shuttlecock upon the long stone terrace. These young people were all cousins to Aurora Floyd, and loved the banker's daughter with a childish worship, which mild Lucy could never inspire. It was pleasant to Talbot Bulstrode to see that wherever his future wife trod, love and admiration waited upon her footsteps. He was not singular in his passion for this glorious creature, and it could be, after all, no such terrible folly to love one who was beloved by all who knew her. So the proud Cornish man was happy, and gave himself up to his happiness without further protest.

Did Aurora love him? Did she make him due return for the passionate devotion, the blind adoration? She admired and esteemed him; she was proud of him—proud of that very pride in his nature which made him so different to herself, and she was too impulsive and truthful a creature to keep this sentiment a secret from her lover. She revealed, too, a constant desire to please her betrothed husband, suppressing at least all outward token of the tastes that were so unpleasant to him. No more copies of *Bell's Life* littered the ladies' morning-room at Felden; and when Andrew Floyd asked Aurora to ride to meet with him, his cousin refused the offer, which would once have been so welcome. Instead of following the Croydon hounds, Miss Floyd was content to drive Talbot and Lucy in a basket carriage through the frost-bespangled country-side. Lucy was always the companion and confidante of the lovers; it was hard

for her to hear their happy talk of the bright future stretching far away before them—stretching down, down the shadowy aisles of Time, to an escutcheoned tomb at Bulstrode, where husband and wife would lie down, full of years and honors, in the days to come. It was hard to have to help them plan a thousand schemes of pleasure, in which—Heaven pity her!—she was to join; but she bore her cross meekly, this pale Elaine of modern days, and she never told Talbot Bulstrode that she had gone mad and loved him, and was fain to die.

Talbot and Aurora were both concerned to see the pale cheeks of their gentle companion; but everybody was ready to ascribe them to a cold, or a cough, or constitutional debility, or some other bodily evil, which was to be cured by drugs and boluses; and no one for a moment imagined that any thing could possibly be amiss with a young lady who lived in a luxurious house, went shopping in a carriage and pair, and had more pocket-money than she cared to spend. But the lily maid of Astolat lived in a lordly castle, and had doubtless ample pocket-money to buy gorgeous silks for her embroidery, and had little on earth to wish for, and nothing to do; whereby she fell sick for love of Sir Lancelot, and pined and died.

Surely the secret of many sorrows lies in this. How many a grief has been bred of idleness and leisure! How many a Spartan youth has nursed a bosom-devouring *fox* for very lack of better employment! Do the gentlemen whose names appear in almost every case reported in those journals go mad for love unrequited? Did the lady with the Lamp cherish any foolish passion in those days and nights of ceaseless toil, in those long watches of patient devotion far away in the East? Do the curates of over-crowded parishes, the chaplains of jails and convict-ships, the great medical attendants in the wards of hospitals—do they make for themselves the griefs that kill? Surely not. With the busiest of us there may be some holy moments, some sacred hour snatched from the noise and confusion of the revolving wheel of Life's machinery, and offered up as a sacrifice to sorrow and care; but the interval is brief and the great wheel rolls on, and we have no time to pine or die.

So Lucy Floyd, having nothing better to do, nursed and made much of her hopeless passion. She set up an altar for the skeleton, and worshipped at the shrine of her grief; and when people told her of her pale face, and the family doctor wondered at the failure of his quinine mixture, perhaps she nourished a vague hope that before the spring-time came back again, bringing with it the wedding-day of Talbot and Aurora, she would have escaped from all this demonstrative love and happiness, and be at rest.

Aurora answered Lady Raleigh Bulstrode's letter with an epistle expressive of such gratitude and humility, such earnest hope of winning the love of Talbot's mother, mingled with a dim fearfulness of never being worthy of that affection, as won the Cornish lady's regard for her future daughter. It was difficult to associate the impetuous girl with that letter, and Lady Bulstrode made an image of the writer that very much differed from the fearless and dashing original. She wrote Aurora a second letter, more affectionately worded than the first, and promised the motherless girl a daughter's welcome at Bulstrode.

"Will she ever let me call her 'mother,' Talbot?" Aurora asked, as she read Lady Bulstrode's second letter to her lover. "She is very proud, is she not—proud of your ancient descent? My father comes from a Glasgow mercantile family, and I do not even know any thing about my mother's relations."

Talbot answered her with a grave smile.

"She will accept you for your native worth, dearest Aurora," he said, "and will ask no foolish questions about the pedigree of such a man as Archibald Floyd; a man whom the proudest aristocrat in England might be glad to call his father-in-law. She will reverence my Aurora's transparent soul and candid nature, and will bless me for the choice I have made."

"I shall love her very dearly if she will only let me. Should I have ever cared about horse-racing, and read sporting-papers, if I could have called a good woman 'mother'?"

She seemed to ask this question rather of herself than of Talbot. Complete as was Archibald Floyd's satisfaction at his daughter's disposal of her heart, the old man could not calmly contemplate a separation from this idolized daughter; so Aurora told Talbot that she could never take up her abode in Cornwall during her father's lifetime; and it was finally arranged that the young couple were to spend half the year in London, and the other half at Felden Woods. What need had the lonely widower of that roomy mansion, with its long picture gallery and snug suites of apartments, each of them large enough to accommodate a small family? What need had one solitary old man of that retinue of servants, the costly studs in the stables, the new-fangled vehicles in the coach-houses, the hot-house flowers, the pines and grapes and peaches, cultivated by three Scottish gardeners? What need had he of these things? He lived principally in the study in which he had once had a stormy interview with his only child; the study in which hung the crayon portrait of Eliza Floyd; the room which contained an old-fashioned desk he had bought for a guinea in his boyhood, and in which there were certain letters written by a hand that was dead, some tresses of purple black hair cut from the head of a corpse, and a pasteboard ticket, printed at a little town in Lancashire, calling upon the friends and patrons of Miss Eliza Percival to come to the theatre, for her especial benefit, upon the night of August 20, 1837.

It was decided, therefore, that Felden Woods was to be the country residence of Talbot and Aurora, till such time as the young man should succeed to the baronetcy and Bulstrode Castle, and be required to live upon his estate. In the meantime the ex-hussar was to go into Parliament, if the electors of a certain little borough in Cornwall, which had always sent a Bulstrode to Westminster, should be pleased to return him.

The marriage was to take place early in May, and the honeymoon was to be spent in Switzerland and at Bulstrode Castle. Mrs. Walter Powell thought that her doom was sealed, and that she would have to quit those pleasant pastures after the wedding-day; but Aurora speedily set the mind of the ensign's widow at rest by telling her that as she, Miss Floyd, was utterly ignorant of housekeeping, she would be happy to retain her services after marriage as guide and adviser in such matters.

The poor about Beckenham were not forgotten in Aurora Floyd's morning drives with Lucy and Talbot. Parcels of grocery and bottles of wine often lurked beneath the crimson-lined leopard-skin carriage-rug; and it was no uncommon thing for Talbot to find himself making a footstool of a huge loaf of bread. The poor were very hungry in that bright December weather, and had all manner of complaints, which, however otherwise dissimilar, were all to be benefited by one especial treatment; namely, half-sovereigns, old brown sherry, French brandy and gunpowder tea. Whether the daughter was dying of consumption, or the father laid up with the rheumatics, or the husband in a raging fever, or the youngest boy recovering from a fall into a copper of boiling water, the above-named remedies seemed alike necessary, and were far more popular than the chicken-broths and cooling fever drinks prepared by the Felden cook. It pleased Talbot to see his betrothed dispensing good things to the eager recipients of her bounty. It pleased him to think how even his mother must have admired this high-spirited girl, content to sit down in close cottage chambers and talk to rheumatic old women. Lucy distributed little parcels of tracts prepared by Mrs. Alexander, and flannel garments made by her own white hands; but Aurora gave the half-sovereigns and the old sherry; and I'm afraid these simple cottagers liked the heiress best, although they were wise enough and just enough to know that each lady gave according to her means.

It was in returning from a round of these charitable visits that an adventure befell the little party, which was by no means pleasing to Captain Bulstrode.

Aurora had driven further than usual, and it was striking four as her ponies dashed past Beckenham church and down the hill towards Felden Woods. The afternoon was cold and cheerless; light flakes of snow drifted across the hard road, and hung here and there upon the leafless hedges, and there was that inky blackness in the sky which presages a heavy fall. The woman at the lodge ran out with her apron over her head to open the gate as Miss Floyd's ponies approached, and at the same moment a man rose from a bank by the roadside, and came close up to the little carriage.

He was a broad-shouldered, stout-built fellow, wearing a shabby velvet cut-away coat, slashed about with abnormal pockets, and white and greasy at the seams and elbows. His chin was muffled in two or three yards of dirty woollen comforter, after the fashion of his kind; and the band of his low-crowned felt hat was ornamented with a short clay pipe, colored of a respectable blackness. A dingy white dog, with a brass collar, bow legs, a short nose, blood-shot eyes, one ear, a hanging jaw, and a generally supercilious expression

of countenance, rose from the bank at the same moment with his master, and growled ominously at the elegant vehicle and the mastiff Bow-wow trotting by its side.

The stranger was the same individual who had accosted Miss Floyd in Cockspur street three months before.

I do not know whether Miss Floyd recognized this person; but I know that she touched her ponies' ears with the whip, and that the spirited animals had dashed past the man, and through the gates of Felden, when he sprang forward, caught at their heads, and stopped the light basket-carriage, which rocked under the force of his strong hand.

Talbot Bulstrode leapt from the vehicle, heedless of his stiff leg, and caught the man by the collar.

"Let go that bridle!" he cried, lifting his cane; "how dare you stop this lady's ponies?"

"Because I wanted to speak to her, that's why. Let go of my coat, will yer?"

The dog made at Talbot's legs, but the young man whirled round his cane and inflicted such chastisement upon the snub-nose of that animal as sent him into temporary retirement, howling dismally.

"You are an insolent scoundrel, and I've a good mind to—"

"You'd be kinder, p'raps, if yer was hungry," answered the man, with a pitiful whine, which was meant to be conciliating. "Such weather as this here's all very well for young swells such as you, as has your dawgs and guns and 'untin'; but the winter's tryin' to a poor man's temper, when he's industrious and willin', and can't get a stroke of honest work to do, or a mouthful of vittals. I only want to speak to the young lady; she knows me well enough."

"Which young lady?"

"Miss Floyd; the heiress."

They were standing a little way from the pony-carriage. Aurora had risen from her seat and flung the reins to Lucy; she was looking towards the two men, pale and breathless, doubtless terrified for the result of the encounter.

Talbot released the man's collar, and went back to Miss Floyd.

"Do you know this person, Aurora?" he asked.

"Yes."

"He is one of your old pensioners, I suppose?"

"He is; do not say anything more to him, Talbot. His manner is rough, but he means no harm. Stop with Lucy while I speak to him."

Rapid and impetuous in all her movements, she sprang from the carriage and joined the man beneath the bare branches of the trees before Talbot could remonstrate.

The dog, which had crawled slowly back to his master's side, fawned upon her as she approached, and was driven away by a fierce growl from Bow-wow, who was little likely to brook any such vulgar rivalry.

The man removed his felt hat, and tugged at a tuft of sandy hair which ornamented his low forehead.

"You might have spoken to a cove without all this here row, Miss Floyd," he said, in an injured tone.

Aurora looked at him indignantly.

"Why did you stop me here?" she said; "why couldn't you write to me?"

"Because writin's never so much good as speakin', and because such young ladies as you are uncommon difficult to get at. How did I know that your pa mightn't have put his hand upon my letter, and there'd have been a pretty to-do; though I desay, as for that, if I was to go up to the house and ask the old gent for a trifle, he wouldn't be back'ard in givin' it. I desay he'd be good for a fl'-pun note, or a tanner, if it came to that."

Aurora's eyes flashed sparks of fire as she turned upon the speaker.

"If ever you dare to annoy my father, you shall pay dearly for it, Matthew Harrison," she said; "not that I fear anything you can say, but I will not have him annoyed; I will not have him tormented. He has borne enough and suffered enough, Heaven knows, without that. I will not have him harassed, and his best and tenderest feelings made a market of by such as you. I will not!"

She stamped her foot upon the frosty ground as she spoke. Talbot Bulstrode saw and wondered at the gesture. He had half a mind to leave the carriage and join Aurora and her petitioner; but the ponies were restless, and he knew that it would not do to abandon the reins to poor timid Lucy.

"You needn't take on so, Miss Floyd," answered the man, whom Aurora had addressed as Matthew Harrison; "I'm sure I want to make things pleasant to all parties. All I ask is, that you'll act a little liberal to a cove wot's come down in the world since you seen him last. Lord, wot a world it is for ups and downs! If it had been the summer season I'd have had no needs to worrit you; but what's the good of standin' at the top of Regent street such weather as this with terrier-pups and such likes? Old ladies has no eye for dawgs in the winter; and even the gents as cares for rat-catchin's gettin' uncommon scarce. There ain't nothink doin' on the turf whereby a chap can make a honest penny; nor won't be comin' the Craven Meetin'. I'd never have come anigh you, miss, if I hadn't been hard up; and I know you'll act liberal."

"Act liberally!" cried Aurora; "good Heavens! if every guinea I have, or ever hope to have, could blot out the business that you trade upon, I'd open my hands and let the money run through them as freely as so much water."

"It was only good-natured of me to send you that ere paper, though, miss, eh?" said Mr. Matthew Harrison, plucking a dry twig from the tree nearest him, and chewing it for his delectation.

Aurora and the man had walked slowly onward as they spoke, and were by this time at some distance from the pony-carriage.

Talbot Bulstrode was in a fever of restless impatience.

"Do you know this pensioner of your cousin's, Lucy?" he asked.

"No, I can't remember his face. I don't think he belongs to Beckenham."

"Why, if I hadn't have sent you that ere *Life*, you wouldn't have know'd, would you now?" said the man.

"No, no, perhaps not," answered Aurora. She had taken her portmanteau from her pocket, and Mr. Harrison was furtively regarding the little morocco receptacle with glistening eyes.

"You don't ask me about any of the particulars," he said.

"No. What should I care to know of them?"

"No, certainly," answered the man, suppressing a chuckle; "you know enough, if it comes to that; and if you wanted to know any more, I couldn't tell you; for them tew lines in the paper is all I could ever get hold of about the business. But I always said it, and I always will, if a man as rides up'ards of eleven stone—"

It seemed as if he were in a fair way of rambling on for ever so long, if Aurora had not checked him by an impatient frown. Perhaps he stopped all the more readily as she opened her purse at the same moment, and he caught sight of the glittering sovereigns lurking between leaves of crimson silk. He had no very acute sense of color; but I am sure that he thought gold and crimson made a pleasing contrast, as he looked at the yellow coin in Miss Floyd's portmanteau. She poured the sovereigns into her own gloved palm, and then dropped the golden shower into Mr. Harrison's hands, which were hollowed into a species of horny basin for the reception of her bounty. The great trunk of an oak screened them from the observation of Talbot and Lucy, as Aurora gave the man this money.

"You have no claim on me," she said, stopping him abruptly, as he began a declaration of his gratitude, "and I protest against your making a market of any past events which have come under your knowledge. Remember, once and for ever, that I am not afraid of you; and that, if I consent to assist you, it is because I will not have my father annoyed. Let me have the address of some place where a letter may always find you—you can put it into an envelope and direct it to me here—and from time to time I promise to send you a moderate remittance; sufficient to enable you to lead an honest life, if you or any of your set are capable of doing so; but I repeat, that if I give you this money as a bribe, it is only for my father's sake."

The man muttered some expression of thanks, looking at Aurora earnestly; but there was a stern shadow upon the dark face that forbade any hope of conciliation. She was turning from him, followed by the mastiff, when the bandy-legged dog ran forward, whining and raising himself upon his hind legs to lick her hand.

The expression of her face underwent an immediate change. She shrank from the dog, and he looked at her for a moment with a dim uncertainty in his bloodshot eyes; then, as conviction stole upon the brute mind, he burst into a joyous bark, frisking and capering about Miss Floyd's silk dress, and imprinting dusty impressions of his forepaws upon the rich fabric.

"The pore hanimal knows yer, miss," said the man deprecatingly; "you was never 'aughty to 'im."



PANORAMIC VIEW OF NEW ORLEANS, WITH THE NATIONAL FLEET AT ANCHOR IN THE RIVER, 1



N THE RIVER, IN FRONT, UNDER COMMAND OF FLAG OFFICER PARBAGUT, APRIL 25.—SEE PAGE 31.

THE NEW BALLAD OF LORD LOVELL.

LORD LOVELL he sat in St. Charles's Hotel,
In St. Charles's Hotel sat he,
As fine a case of a Southern swell
As ever you'd wish to see—see,
As ever you'd wish to see.

Lord Lovell the town had vowed to defend,
A-waving his sword on high,
He swore that his last ounce of powder he'd spend,
And in the last ditch he'd die.

He swore by black and he swore by blue,
He swore by the stars and bars,
That never he'd fly from a Yankee crew
While he was a son of Mars.

He had fifty thousand gallant men,
Fifty thousand men had he,
Who had all sworn with him that they'd never surren-
der to any tarnation Yankee.

He had forts that no Yankee alive could take
He had iron-clad boats a score,
And batteries all around the Lake
And along the river shore.

Sir Farragut came with a mighty fleet,
With a mighty fleet came he,
And Lord Lovell instantly began to retreat
Before the first boat he could see.

His fifty thousand gallant men
Ran down to thousands six;
They heard a distant cannon and then
Commenced to cut their sticks!

"Oh tarry, Lord Lovell!" Sir Farragut cried,
"Oh tarry, Lord Lovell!" said he;
"I rather think not," Lord Lovell replied
"For I'm in a great hurry."

"I like the drinks at St. Charles's Hotel,
But I never could bear strong Porter,
Especially when it's served in a shell,
Or mixed in an iron mortar.

"I reckon you're right," Sir Farragut said,
"I reckon you're right," said he,
"For if my Porter should fly to your head,
A terrible smash there'd be."

Oh! a wonder it was to see them run,
A wonderful thing to see,
And the Yankees sailed up without shooting a gun,
And captured their great citie.

Lord Lovell kept running all day and night,
Lord Lovell a-running kept he,
For he swore he couldn't abide the sight
Of the gun of a live Yankee.

When Lord Lovell's life was brought to a close,
By a sharp-shooting Yankee gunner,
From his head there sprouted a red red nose,
From his feet—a Scarlet Runner.—*Phila. Evg. Bulletin.*

The Prodigal Son.

CHAPTER I.—GOOD ACCOMMODATION FOR MAN AND BEAST.

WOULD he live through the night? Would he die before his eldest son arrived? Could it be that the parent and the child, separated since so many years, were not to meet again on this side of the grave? How many times had the sun gone down upon their wrath, and risen again to find it yet turbulent and restless, and surging like a sea that would not be stayed! And now would not even Death bring penitence and peace and forgiveness?

Who could answer? Not pale Mr. Fuller, the surgeon of Grilling Abbots, the nearest town; not Dr. Barker, who had come over expressly summoned from the Mowle Infirmary; not Dr. Chillingworth, who had hurried down post-haste from London. They had met in serious conclave round the sick man's bed. They had held a solemn—almost a grim—consultation upon the case. They had retired to the library adjoining, and whispered each other, and compared notes. They talked so earnestly, yet in voices so subdued they were inaudible a few yards off, while their heads approached together in so close a cluster that they seemed almost to pertain to one body, and looked like three apples growing on a single stalk. Pale Mr. Fuller went through a sort of friendly cross-questioning as to the course of treatment he had pursued; he set forth his medicines and his motives in applying them; he stated his knowledge of the invalid, with particulars as to age, constitution, previous illnesses, predisposition to disease, &c. The doctor from Mowle patted the surgeon of Grilling Abbots familiarly, yet approvingly, on the shoulder. The physician from London patted both his professional brothers on the back, and nodded a great many times his approbation at all they had said and done. "Nothing could have been better—nothing, nothing," he said; and they each had a glass of Madeira and a biscuit. They could not answer, they said, for the poor sufferer's life; no, they agreed—not from one moment to another.

Who could answer, if these could not? Certainly not that cosy group of guests round the glorious red fire in the large room of the George Inn, Grilling Abbots.

Would the old gentleman last through the night? Was old Mr. Hadfield of the Grange really going? So they asked each other in low, awful whispers. The question went buzzing round as though it had been part of a fireside forfeit game, and each man was bound to propose it to his neighbor, and to give to it an evasive answer when his turn came to be examined on the subject. Indeed, it might have been a game. It was the season of the year for forfeits, and such amusements. The day after Christmas Day. There was merriment enough and to spare at other places. There was a grand ball at Mowle, for instance; while up in London, very likely, there were thousands shrieking with laughter at the clown's first leap on to the stage—at his soiling his new clean motley in his first slip and tumble. There was little mirth, though, at Grilling Abbots. They were warm and snug, the fire glowing splendidly, the kettle always proffering boiling water, the mugs full and the rummers emitting most deliciously inebriating perfume; but there was no mirth. This question about old Mr. Hadfield oppressed all terribly. Already there seemed to be a gloom as of arape covering and saddening them.

It was a small enough event from any other than a Grilling Abbots' point of view, it must be admitted. It was like an explosion in a room—it would break the windows possibly, and make the children next door scream and clutch their mother's skirts; but out of a certain small radius it would be quite inaudible. Yes, they would hear it at Mowle; they would be moved by it at Mowle—not, of course, so much as at Grilling Abbots, but still considerably. You know he had sat for Mowle—in the old times before the Reform Bill. No, he never set foot in the House after the Bill. He swore he never would, and he kept his oath. There was no mistake about him. If he once said a thing, he kept it through thick and thin—aye, that he did. A true, staunch, stout old English gentleman—that he was. There was no mistake about him. They were all agreed upon that. Yes, they would feel his loss at Mowle. But in London? Those cockney chaps would read it in the newspaper at breakfast over their eggs, their precious London milk and eggs (how derisive the rural inhabitant is always on the state in which the town-dweller receives these dainties); they would read in the paper a simple line or two—

"On the 26th December, George Richard Saxon Carew Hadfield, of Hadfield Grange, Grilling Abbots, Uplandshire, in the 72d year of his age, deeply lamented—"

and think and care nothing about the matter, and never know how valued was the old man in the neighborhood of his estate, how good a friend he had been to the poor of Grilling Abbots; how treasured was his name and his memory amongst them; how old a family he came of, and how many pages were devoted to the chronicles of his house in that interesting work, the "History of Uplandshire."

There must, of course, be limits to grief. The bereavement which crushes one heart so cruelly is mere gossamer weight to another. The life to that man all in all is as nothing to this. Can we truly sorrow for one we have never heard of even, much less seen? Perhaps it is as well that we have some invulnerable places in our hearts. Were we to mourn each time that death strikes down a victim, when should we joy?

"When did the Hadfields come into the county?" they were asking in the large room at the George. Was it in the time of the Henrys or the Edwards? They referred to the schoolmaster. He drew hard at his pipe. If the answer was worth having, it is presumable that it was worth waiting for. He appeared to be counting, as though he were obedient to that direction in music which requires you to wait so many bars before you come in again with your contribution to the harmony. But the schoolmaster waited too long, especially as the answer he was finally able to give was of so vague and incomplete a character. He wasn't sure, he said. You see, he'd only come into the county himself within the last twenty years. Woodlandshire, that was his native county. But he thought the Edwards. Yes, he was nearly sure about it—it must be the Edwards. Still, his uncertainty sent him down terribly—regarded as a man of general information—in the estimation of the assembly. For some considerable time afterwards he ruled very low—as the money-market people phrase it—and was indeed, I should say, quoted at quite a nominal price.

However, they were a very old family, the Hadfields, there was no doubt about that.

"A reverend thing," says Bacon, "to see an ancient castle or building not in decay, or to see a fair timber tree sound and perfect. How much more to behold an ancient family which hath stood against the waves and weathers of time!"

A very old family—the schoolmaster told no one news when he told that. They had been seated at a very early period in Uplandshire—that was no great news either. Surely all Grilling Abbots knew that. They had received territorial grants from Henry VIII. at the dissolution of the Monasteries—that was certain also. And there was a Richard Hadfield, barrister-at-law, Recorder of the city of Oldport, Serjeant-at-Law, and Queen's Serjeant (38th Elizabeth, 1596), who had purchased additional adjoining lands (the Broadmead estates, indeed, which had belonged originally to Broadmead Priory) of Henry, third Earl of Chesham, the grantee at the dissolution. Sir Hugh Hadfield was sheriff of the county in the 10th year of James I., and received the honor of knighthood at the coronation of Charles I. He erected the family seat on the site of an ancient Grange of the old Abbey of Grilling. Sir Hugh's house was a noble building, in the form, it was said as regarded its ground-plan, of a I, in compliment to James I. Since that period, however, the house had undergone considerable alteration, and the idea of its founder had been greatly departed from. Part had been pulled down and rebuilt. A George Hadfield, in the reign of Anne, had embraced the Roman Catholic faith and erected a chapel attached to the house. His son and grandson had reverted to the religion of their forefathers, and had permitted the chapel to fall into hopeless decay. It must also be said of them that they combined to cut off the entail, destroyed the timber, sold great portions of the Broadmead property, and left heavy encumbrances upon the estates for their successors to struggle with and pay off. Part of the Hadfield lands had indeed been already lost to the family during the civil war, in which the Hadfield family were devoted partisans of the Stuarts. At the Restoration, a Court of Claims re-established the family in a large share of their possessions, but before they could recover the whole an order of the King in Council dissolved the Court. In 1682, Thomas, the younger son of Sir Hugh—to carve out for himself a fortune, or to repair the disasters of his family—had sailed for America, and settled in Maryland, marrying there. In a last letter, received from him many years later, he had stated that his wife was dead, and also one of his two children, and that having acquired a large fortune and sold his lands for £40,000, he intended returning to England with all his money in specie, and his only surviving son, to introduce him to his relatives, and to be himself interred in the family mausoleum at Grilling Abbots. But nothing further had ever been heard of him, and it was supposed that he had been lost at sea with his son and all his property.

Carved over the park gateway and the porch on the terrace, but very worn now, and moss-grown, and with orange lichen patches over it, the crest of the Hadfields is still traceable. Let the history of the county state it heraldically: "A dove, ar. beak and legs, gu. standing on a serpent roused ppr. Motto, 'Soyez sage et simple.'" And in that beautiful chamber—it is used as a library now, and it is the room in which the medical gentlemen had their consultation and their Madeira—wainscotted with carved oak of rich and elaborate pattern and most skillful workmanship, is to be seen in admirable preservation an almost unequalled specimen of the richly decorated withdrawing-room of the time of James I. The chimney-piece is decorated with the Royal arms and the initials of James, while amidst the thick crust of ornamentation on either side are to be found the bearings of Sir Hugh, the builder, and of the family of his wife, one of the Saxons of Wiltshire.

Not all this did the schoolmaster narrate to the guests of the George—yet something of it—they could not have borne it all. For they grew giddy with going so far back, just as people are dizzied by a great height. They wouldn't let go the present to trust themselves with the past. There was a sort of magnetic attraction about the business before them. They were held to it as by a chain—they would stretch out to the limits of their links, but they always returned to the original position. Would we live to see his son?

Who remembered Mr. Wilford? Nearly all in the room. Why, it was seven years ago that he went away. No, man—no, not so much. Yes, just seven years. Mrs. Joyce, the landlady of the George, fixed the time to a day—almost to an hour. It was the day her son Jeremiah—her fifth child—was born. She was in bed at the time, as Dr. Fuller could certify, if he were there, which he wasn't. Jerry was born in November, at half-past three. Nobody could gainay evidence so circumstantial as this. The fact was generally accepted that Mr. Wilford had gone away little better than seven years ago. Lord, what a long time ago it seemed!

Why had he gone? Nobody liked this question. They shrank at it; they shrugged their shoulders; they looked hard at the ceiling. They passed on the inquiry—they said: "Ah! why, indeed?" and each looked as though he expected some one else to answer. He was a fine young fellow; they were all agreed as to that. A very fine young fellow. A handsome boy, with a bright dark eye and black hair, as thick as a horse's tail. Farmer Corbet had a story to tell about the young gentleman coming over the hedge, in among his oats, playing the devil and all with them, said the farmer. But he behaved well—he went on—a lad of spirit, and a gentleman, one of the old Hadfields, and as like as two peas to the picture up in the long room of the Grange of that one ever so long ago as went to Indy, and got lost. Amerikee, was it? Well, it was all the same. Poor young gentleman. Perhaps the old Squire was too hard with him, too quick and sharp. The old Squire could be at times, they all agreed. "Mr. Wilford wasn't the one for that sort of treatment. He couldn't bear too much of it. He was of the old Hadfield blood, a fiery temper when he was once roused; and what a black frown came over his face! and he'd give back word for word, they agreed. Yes, and blow for blow, said some one; and then there was an awful silence.

They were like children playing at a game; they were growing gradually warmer, and soon warmer—warmer—hot—very hot—then the game was played out—they had reached the climax. They had touched the answer to the question. As they all knew, the story went that the separation of Mr. Hadfield and his eldest son was in this wise: Angry words had passed between them—the dispute raged violently. In his passion the father had struck his son, and the blow had been returned. They had never met since, and Wilford Hadfield had never since set foot in Grilling Abbots.

True or false, this story was the under-current explanation of the division between the Squire and his son. All knew it, though all shrank from discussing it openly. It was one of the ghosts of Grilling Abbots, this narrative. To be alluded to very carefully, in whispers, with shut doors. True or false, it was a fact that, now on his deathbed, the Squire had sent for his son. Would Wilford Hadfield reach the Grange in time?—he was running a race with Death!

"Snapping fast," said William ostler, coming into the room, to light a lantern or a pipe, or on some such specious errand. In truth, perhaps, to get a little warmth from the fire, or to carry away a slice or so of the conversation of the large room to amuse him with in the dreadful solitude and tedium of his life in the stable loft, or to be asked to take a draught from somebody's mug, or maybe a sip from somebody else's rummer.

"I said it was coming down," remarked the schoolmaster. But

he did not improve in value much by the observation, for upon inquiry it seemed that every one in the room had ventured upon a similar prophecy—all had agreed that it would come down hard before morning; they had said so quite early in the day, by the look of the sky.

"Like a blanket. Can't hardly see before yer." What a time William ostler was lighting his pipe; surely his eyes were roaming from mug to mug, rather enviously.

"Here, William," says Mrs. Joyce; "it must be bitter cold in stable." She hands him a jug of something smoking hot, and strong in flavor. A smile stars his face all over with lines and creases. He does not smile simply with his mouth; he brings his forehead, his cheeks, his eyebrows and eyes, even his shock head of hair, into the business. He stands in a curved attitude, with his head well out from his body, for fear any soiling drops should fall upon his chess-board patterned velvet waistcoat. He raises his shoulders and squares his elbows. The process of drinking seems with him to need nothing so much as free play of the arms. He waves the jug three times, perhaps as a sort of incantation to secure luck; perhaps, to mix well together its contents. He seems rather inclined to make a speech, or drink the health of the company; but he evidently does not quite see his way comfortably through either of these formulae; so he abandons further ceremony, and empties the jug.

He draws a long breath. Tears are in his eyes. Tears of joy, of gratitude, not of sorrow; or perhaps it is the excessive heat of his libation that has acted as an irritant upon his lachrymal glands.

"Groom Frank's outside," he remarks, applying the back of his hand violently to his lips, as though to rub well into his skin the flavor of his drink. "Come down from Grange."

"What for? Why don't he come in?" says Mrs. Joyce; "he's never standing out in the cold?"

"No; he's under cover—brought horses down. Master Stephen bid him."

"To meet Mr. Wilford?"

William ostler nodded. The whole room was listening, and he seemed rather pleased at being so greatly at object of interest. It was a novel position for him, quite. Why, at that moment, Mr. and Mrs. Joyce were mere cyphers compared to William ostler; while the schoolmaster—bah! he was out of the question altogether. William went on:

"Old gentleman's very bad." It was the latest intelligence from the Grange, and was received with breathless interest.

"All say he's going fast as he can; but he's sensible, groom Frank says—so the housekeeper told 'em in the kitchen. He's asked again for Master Wilford—keeps on asking for him. So Master Stephen sends down groom Frank with horse to meet him, 'cause, if this snaw goes on, he'll have a job to get through Chingley Bottom; and as for going on to Grange with same horses, with that road what it is, and what I've known to be any winter these last 12 years, why it's more than horseflesh can do—that's what it is. A horse can't do no more than a horse can, and if you goes for to try—" But he stopped short, listening attentively.

"Wheels!" he cried.

All the room listened. Some declared it was fancy; others, no such thing. They could hear them quite well. The schoolmaster said he could hear nothing, but then he was a little hard of hearing on one side; yet, he said, with an air of philosophy, that he had often noticed that when people particularly wanted to hear a particular sound, then they were always given to think that they did hear it. The remark was not thought much of, especially as the schoolmaster was wrong. The sound of wheels was now distinctly audible. William ostler ran out with a lantern. Somebody drew the red curtains from before the long low window of the George. The heat of the room had clouded the glass. Many were occupied in rubbing clear a diamond pane of glass here and there, so that they might look out at the night and see what happened, as through peepholes.

"Lord! how it was snowing!" "Why, the ground was quite white—the snow an inch thick already!" "What a draught there was with that front door open!" "O! how cold!" "Who was that man outside there, beyond the trough and the signpost?" "Why, groom Frank, of course, with the change of horses."

"Yo-ho! Yo-ho! O! O!"

"Yo-ho! Yo-ho! O! O!"

The postilion from afar off echoes William ostler's cry. Now you can plainly hear the dull thumping of the wheels over the rough road muffled by the snow. You can see the red carriage lights gleaming through the clouds of steam rising from the horses. The carriage makes slow progress in spite of all the whipping and spurring and the shrill threats and encouragement of the postboys. Indeed the horses are nearly dead-beat—you can hear their pantings through all the noise. What a ghastly look about the carriage, white with snow on all one side where the wind has been blowing—a thick cake of snow on the roof, snow on the lamps even, half melting—snow on the harness, on the horses—on every slightest projection to which it can cling by any possibility. Snow, too, on the cap of the traveller—on his shoulders, on his flowing jet-black beard. He has been leaning out of the window, passionately urging in the postboys.

"Why are you stopping, d—n you!" he cries out, savagely.

Groom Frank is at the window in a minute, touching his hat. "The horses are quite done up—there's no going on further with them to-night. He has brought down fresh from the Grange. They'll be put to in two minutes. There's a good fire in the large room of the George. They can start again in two minutes."

"Is he alive?" the traveller asks, in a husky whisper.

"Yes, sir," and groom Frank touches his hat, "but—"

"But what?"

"But very poorly—very poorly indeed."

He frowned almost fiercely—they could see that much almost from the window of the George—he gave the man—a sovereign, wasn't it? he came down from the carriage and strode into the house. A tall, pale, haggard man, with wild-looking eyes. He took no notice of anybody in the room. He kicked the snow from his boots and was soon toasting his feet on the bars of the roaring red fire. There was a dead silence in the room. The company seemed quite paralyzed by his presence; no one dared to move a limb, though each managed to glance at him stealthily.

"Give me some brandy."

Mr. Joyce himself obeyed the order, but he hesitated for a moment.

"With hot or cold water?"

"With neither!" Rather angrily spoken.

He drained it off at once. How his thin, long white hand shook—all in the room managed to notice that somehow; so it was discovered, when they began to compare notes afterwards. His hand shook as he took up the glass.

"You're Joyce?" he asked, suddenly.

The landlord bowed.

"Yes, I remember," he said, with a faint smile.

He passed out of the room again—he threw down some money in the bar.

"Now, then, make haste. Am I to wait all night?"

And he stamped on the ground.

What a cloud round those poor wearied horses, panting with drooping heads and bent knees. The company had rubbed fresh peepholes in the window-panes, again dim with the heat; they could see the traveller mount into his carriage again.

"Off with you!" he cried.

And they whirled him at a furious pace along the road to the Grange, the snow falling thicker than ever.

"Please God he gets there in time," said good Mrs. Joyce, fervently.

"It's him," she went on, fervently, "I knew him directly. There's no mistaking those fierce black eyes of his, if you've once seen them. Yet, how he's changed—how old-looking—how thin and white; perhaps that's the cold, though—he's been travelling a long while, likely enough, and it's a bad night for travellers. We ought to be very thankful we're all in front of a good fire and with a roof over our heads such a night as this. Yes—he's changed—15 years older he looks; and what a long black beard—for all the world like a furrier!"

"Like a Frenchman, a'most," said Farmer Corbet. "I don't fancy an Englishman wearing moustaches myself," and he rubbed his shaven chin meditatively. "It seems unnatural like to wear all that hair on one's face."

"How quick he swallowed that brandy. Wonderful I call it," remarked Mr. Joyce.

"Please God the old gentleman lives to see him and to make it up with him. Why do people ever quarrel, I wonder! I'm sure this ought to be a warning to us."

The events of the evening had made the landlady thoughtful.

"Poor Mr. Wilford," she said, sighing; and she filled up the kettle, for all the rummers wanted replenishing.

CHAPTER II.—MR. HADFIELD OF THE GRANGE.

MR. WILFORD was soon stopping in front of the porch over which was carved the crest of the Hadfields—the dove standing on the serpent; motto—"Soyez sage et simple."

A young man, not unlike the traveller in face and figure, except that he was much smaller and slighter, and wore no beard, came hurrying out of the entrance-hall.

"Wilford!" he cried out.

"Steenie!" the traveller answered.

"I'm so glad you've come!" And their hands were clasped tightly.

"Does he live still?" asked Wilford, in a strange, hollow voice.

"Yes; it's all one can say of him. He is dreadfully feeble, very dreamy and dazed. He is like one in a trance. Yet, he lives."

"Thank God!" said the elder brother, solemnly. "I hardly dared hope to see him alive. Lord, Steenie, how you've grown! Why, you were quite a boy when I went away!"

"You've been gone some time, remember, Will," said Steenie smiling rather sadly.

"Seven years. Yes, there has been time for change. And you've married, haven't you, Steenie? You've got a wife and children? God bless me, how time flies!"

"You shall see her to-morrow, and the children, too, if you like; they have all retired for the night. Indeed, it was so late, we almost despaired of your coming to-night. I thought you had perhaps stopped at Mowle."

"Indeed, I haven't stopped a minute, Steenie, on the road. The news reached me in Brussels—I saw the advertisement in the newspaper. I knew it could only refer to me, and I started at once. I haven't slept or tasted food since. Can I see him, Steenie? Will he let me?—now?—at once?"

"I will go up and see. I will ask Mr. Fuller; he is going to stop the night through. He has been most kind. Wait in the library; they shall bring you some refreshment. Be sure you ask for anything you want. You are at home again, you know, Wil, now."

And Stephen Hadfield mounted quickly the wide oaken staircase, so black with age and so polished that it looked as though it were made of ebony.

"At home!" Wilford repeated, mechanically, passing his nervous hand over his forehead. There was something of agony in the tone of his voice, as he added, "It has been no home to me for seven long years. It can never be a home to me again."

He tottered to a chair, he sat down, leaning upon the table and burying his face in his hands. He started up suddenly, for a servant entered with the tray, and he felt ashamed of his emotion being too apparent. He poured some wine into a tumbler and emptied it at once. A footstep was heard at the door; another moment and Mr. Fuller stood before Wilford Hadfield.

"My dear boy," said the doctor, heartily, "how glad I am to see you here again; once more at the Grange, Wilford; that's how it should be, isn't it? Yet, how you've changed; how your hand burns, too; you're dreadfully feverish, do you know that? It's the journey, perhaps, as you say. I should hardly have known you with that great beard and all that thick, long hair."

Wilford smiled as he tossed back the matted locks from his forehead.

"That's more like you; I know that smile; I know that grand old action of the head to shake the hair from your forehead. There's something leonine about it. Many of the Hadfields have had it, especially old uncle Hugh and my poor friend up-stairs. I don't trace it in Stephen so much; perhaps it's because I wasn't in attendance at his birth," and the doctor laughed at himself. "He was born in the South, if you remember. They tell me I always think the most of my own children, as I call them. Ah, Wilford, it doesn't seem so very long ago since all the place was rejoicing at your birth. How well I remember it! I was attending on poor Mrs. Hadfield! Lord! it seems only yesterday!"

So the kind-hearted doctor ran on. Was he really garrulous or was he talking with an object? Doctors are very cunning. It might have been to give time to his patient up-stairs. It might have been to accustom Wilford a little more to his position—to calm down his excitement—before the interview between the father and the son should take place. Or did it arise from that prevalent English practice of keeping back the most important topic of conversation until much preliminary discussion has been disposed of? For it is not only ladies who defer to the postscript the vital object of their letters. People will approach the matter that most interests them, and to which they are burning to come, circuitously and under cover of all sorts of common places, just as "Hamlet" and Laertes stamp and wave their foils and attitudinize, losing so much time before they set to the serious business of fighting, upon which both are bent.

The doctor would say very little of old Mr. Hadfield, dying up-stairs. He parried all Wilford's eager inquiries.

"He is dozing, at present," he said. "Yes—it has been a bad attack—a very bad attack; and at his age even the best constitution—and his has been a very good one—all the Hadfields have had good constitutions—but at a certain age the best constitution in the world can't stand some attacks. He is very weak; but he fights on manfully—wonderful stamina. Each time I think he is sinking, I find that he rouses himself again in a quite surprising way. Yes, you shall see him, by-and-by, never fear; but the slightest inclination to sleep is valuable to him just now, and we mustn't trifle with him in his present state. By-and-by. By-and-by. Why, you look taller than ever. I really think you must have grown!"

How tiresome seems this sort of talk, in answer to the questions of the sick man's friends? Will he live? Will he survive the night? For how many hours is he safe? Will the morning's sun find him yet living, or will it be struggling to pierce through the chinks of closed shutters and to gleam in thin lines and fitful patches on the bed where a corpse is stretched out and the sheet covers a dead man's face? Ask these questions, as they come surging up from a suffering heart, and receive in reply platitudes about stamina and constitution, and time, and quiet care, and the best advice!

Yet what can the doctor do or say else? He is only a man after all, though a medical man. He is not one of the Paracelsi. He is not Atropos the Unchangeable, ruling the end of life. And even supposing that he thinks the worst has come to the worst, as people say—that Death's hand is already pressing on the patient's heart, staying its pulsation—is he really bound to tell his thoughts on the instant? Is he not entitled to use his discretion as to the when and where of his revelation? Don't we pay him to be discreet? So Mr. Fuller elected to talk rather of the living son than of the dying father. It may be that he had reasons for so doing; and it may be, moreover, that those reasons were good ones.

"Seven years ago, Wilford, since you went away. Yes, just seven years. Ah! a sad business—a very sad business indeed!"

"Don't speak of it now, good friend," said Wilford, turning away; "not just now, at any rate."

"I won't, my boy; I won't. But we've often thought of you—often—wondering what had become of you—what you were doing."

"And what have I done all the while?" the young man cried, bitterly. "What have I done? No good, you may be sure of that."

"Hush! hush! don't speak so now. All that's over now, you know. You're home again in your father's house. Bygones are to be bygones now. You were a mere boy when you went away. You are only a young man now. There's a long life before you—a happy one, very likely. Why not?"

Wilford shook his head mournfully.

"But there is," the doctor persisted. "I have great hopes of you. I always had great hopes of you. In the old times, don't you remember, you were quite a pet of mine? We used to have great games together. I could never keep you out of the surgery. You were always plugging me to let you look at the skeleton locked up in the mahogany case. Do you remember that? And my poor wife, what a fright she was in when you got hold of that case of lancets! You were quite a baby then, in frocks; and she thought you'd cut your poor little hands all to pieces; but you didn't. There's a special Providence watching over children, I do believe, or I'm sure a great many more would be blown up with gunpowder, or cut into little pieces with knives and sharp instruments, or be run over, or go tumbling out of window. The things children get doing! It's wonderful!"

So the doctor ran on—a small, spare man, nearly 60 years of age, perhaps, with a handsome, rather bald forehead, and quick, bright blue eyes. His smile was very pleasant, though peculiar, accompanied as it was by a certain declension of the eyebrows always, which imparted to it a piquancy and vivacity that were decidedly attractive. He toyed with his double eyeglass as he spoke, and his

whole manner was very earnest. Perhaps the situation in which he was placed made him seem almost restless during his conversation with Wilford.

"And your own children, doctor—are they well? Little sunny-headed things, how well I remember them and the romps there used to be with them on the lawn at the back of your house. How I used to frighten them with telling them there were really live lions in Grilling park, who would be sure to pounce upon them and eat them up some day, at two mouthfuls. They declared it wasn't true, and yet they were always frightened, and took such tight hold of my hand. 'Such pretty children, too!'"

"Thank you," said the doctor, looking very happy and pleased; "they are very well. But as for children! Time has been going on with you, and he hasn't been stopping with other people. I'm sure Vi wouldn't let you call her a child, and I don't think Madge would either; or, perhaps I ought to say, rather, that I am sure Madge wouldn't, and I have grave doubts about Vi, for I believe it is always the youngest who are the most peremptory on those matters; and little Madge is now—let me see—she must be just 15—at least I think so; but you know that fathers never can remember their children's ages. But here I am talking and keeping you from eating, and you must be as hungry as a hunter—quite faint, I should say rather, for want of food. You look very white. Always so? No, surely not; it must be the cold. The Grange is a dreadfully cold place. Gets worse and worse, I think, every winter. Perhaps it is that I feel it more from growing older. Come close to the fire, and try and eat something, do. No, I wouldn't drink all that wine without eating something, if I were you. That's a very strong sherry—a good sound wine; but I think some of this Madeira would be better for you. I'm not at all sure that the best thing you could do wouldn't be to go and get between the sheets at once, and try and have a good night's rest."

"I don't like his looks at all," he muttered to himself. Just then the housekeeper entered, making a profound curtsy to Mr. Wilford. He did not appear to notice her: he was gazing sternly into the fire, profoundly abstracted. She approached softly, and said something in a low voice to the doctor.

"Very well," he said; "I'll see to it," and she left the room.

The doctor's manner changed. He abandoned the light, pleasant tone in which he had until then been speaking. He looked very serious now. He placed his hand upon Wilford's shoulder.

"Your father will see you," he said.

Wilford rose up, trembling.

"One moment," said the doctor, staying him as he moved towards the door. "I will go in with you. But I should caution you. Mr. Hadfield is very weak, yet at times he is almost violent; his strength seems to return to him for the occasion, and he permits himself to be strangely moved and excited. These paroxysms (for so I may almost call them) are very bad for him. You know something of his temper of old. Age and illness have not bettered it. Be temperate with him, my dear boy. Don't irritate him. Say as little as possible. For your own sake, as well as his, don't offend him again—don't do that. Be careful, my dear boy. God prosper you."

The doctor shook hands with him affectionately.

"He is my father," said Wilford, in a husky voice. "I will remember that now, though I forgot it before. How my heart beats! Let us go to his room."

They ascended the staircase, and stopped before the door of a room on the first floor—the room in which old Mr. Hadfield, of the Grange, lay dying.

It was but dimly lighted by the fire burning rather low in the grate, and a lamp on the table at the side of the invalid's bed, but placed so that his eyes should not be offended by its glare, and so that the shadow of the curtains should fall upon his face. Between the bed and the fireplace Stephen Hadfield was seated on a low chair, with a large book in his hands, open at a particular place, as though he had been reading to his father.

The housekeeper was at the door to admit the visitors, another woman, who had been acting as nurse, was bending drowsily over the fire. The room was very large, with carved ceiling and heavy cornices. Every now and then, as a flame flickered in the grate, you could trace the dim outlines of a large allegorical painting, much dimmed and clouded by years, amongst the raised ornaments of the ceiling. But the colors were not very strong now, the drawing in places was quite undefinable, and much of the gilding of the portions in relief was very dull and black.

On a high, carved, four-post bedstead, with heavy, dull crimson hangings, old Mr. Hadfield was stretched at length, breathing heavily. He had been a tall man you could see at once, and handsome, too; his son Wilford's resemblance to him was remarkable, but he looked very gaunt and grim and grisly now, he was so wasted by age and illness. He had the fierce black eyes of Wilford, and falling on his forehead the same thick hair, save that it was perfectly white in his case. His cheeks were dreadfully sunken, while there was something unnatural about the brilliancy of his eyes, flashing from such hollow sockets. He stared steadily at his son, scrutinising him as he entered with the doctor. The poor old man was painfully weak, it could be seen at a glance; once he tried to raise himself up in the bed, but he sank back after an ineffectual effort. Wilford for the first few moments, unaccustomed to the low light of the room, could not clearly perceive his father, shadowed by the curtains of the bed. As yet, neither had spoken. The room was very still, you could hear the tickings of the watch in the pocket over the old man's head, above even his heavy breathing, above the trembling of the embers on the hearth, above the gasping which Wilford experienced consequent upon the terrible quick beating of his heart. He was about to address his father, but the doctor's hand on his arm checked him. The eyes of the old man turned from his first to his second son.

"Go on, Steenie," he said, in a low, hoarse voice. "Begin where I told you."

And Stephen Hadfield, much moved, and in rather broken tones, commenced to read,

"—gathered all together and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance in riotous living."

He was reading from the New Testament—the story of the Prodigal Son. He continued for some verses further.

"Stop!" said the old man. Then he turned to Wilford, and cried, almost savagely, "Now, Prodigal, what have you to say?"

Wilford came to the side of the bed. There was a look of deep suffering in his face. He sank upon his knees with a piteous moan.

"Forgive me, father!" and he tried to take the old man's hand. It was drawn away abruptly.

Mr. Hadfield, however, glanced at his second son, Stephen. There seemed to be an understanding between them as to what was next to be done. Stephen laid down the Book on the bed, placed a hand-bell within his father's reach, and then, motioning all to leave the room, quitted himself, closing the door upon old Mr. Hadfield and his eldest son.

(To be continued.)

NEW ORLEANS.

OUR paper for the 10th of May contained a map of the Mississippi, from Cairo to New Orleans. Since then the fall of that great Southern metropolis has rendered the public naturally desirous of a more minute diagram of a locality which has just been the scene of one of our greatest triumphs. It is now only necessary to give a few of those statistics which everybody learns in youth but too frequently forgets in after life. It is built on the bend of the river, from whence its name of the Crescent City, 94 miles from its debouchure into the Gulf of Mexico. Its distance from New York is 1,663 miles. The city is built on land gently descending from the river towards a marshy ground in the rear, and from two to four feet below the level of the river at high water mark. It is prevented from overflowing the city by an artificial embankment called a levee, which extends along the river for a considerable extent. It is 15 feet wide, and four feet high, and is much used as a promenade. To give a rough idea of the importance of New Orleans it is only necessary to say that it is connected with upwards of 17,000 miles of internal navigation, penetrating the most fertile soils, and embracing a variety of climates.

The great distinction of the Crescent City is that it is the chief cotton mart of the world. Not unfrequently from 1,000

to 1,500 flatboats, laden with this great staple, may be seen at one time lying at the levee. Mammoth steamers leave at all hours, and, with the exception of the summer months, the port is crowded with ships from foreign nations, principally from England and France. Cotton, sugar, tobacco, lumber, provisions, etc., form part of the multifarious commerce of this grand Southern emporium of our Republic. Bitterly have the deluded and intimidated citizens paid for their share in the giant conspiracy, and the sufferings they had undergone doubtless influenced their conduct on the appearance of the Federal forces, and led to an immediate surrender.

The receipts and exports of cotton in the year ending April, 1860, were about 2,250,000 bales, the value of which was above \$100,000,000. Besides cotton, a vast amount of other products, as sugar, tobacco, flour, pork, molasses, &c., are received at New Orleans, and thence sent abroad. The total value of these products for the year ending Sept. 1, 1859, was the enormous sum of \$172,902,664. In addition to its exports, New Orleans has also an immense import trade of copper, salt, sugar, iron, drygoods, liquors, &c., the annual value of which exceeds \$17,000,000.

The Cotton Presses.

There are 20 or more great cotton presses in New Orleans, each containing about one block. At some of these 500 bales of cotton are pressed every day.

Public Buildings.

THE CUSTOM HOUSE.—This magnificent building, now again one of the National establishments, is the largest Custom House in the world, even exceeding that of London. It covers an area of 87,523 superficial feet. Its front is 334 feet, and depth about 300. Its great room is 126 feet long by 90 wide. The elevation of this building is 82 feet. It is built of stone from the Quincy quarries, Mass.

THE MINT.—This is a massive structure 282 feet long, 108 feet deep—it is three storeys in depth. It has two wings, each 81 feet long by 28 deep.

THE MUNICIPAL HALL is a fine building, in the Grecian style of architecture. It is devoted to the city offices as well as the Federal.

The Merchant's Exchange and Odd Fellow's Hall are both magnificent buildings, and worthy of our Southern metropolis.

THE HOTELS.—These are remarkably splendid, being almost cumbrous in their luxury. The principal are the St. Charles, the St. Louis, the Verandah and the City Hotels. There are many others of a smaller kind.

The Banks and Markets are especially noteworthy, and exhibit the pride, taste and wealth of a great city.

The Theatres.

A population so decidedly Frenchy as that of New Orleans would not neglect their public amusements, consequently it has a fine Opera House in Bourbon street, which was erected in 1859. There has also been a new Theatre built in place of the old St. Charles Theatre. The Orleans Theatre is a very popular resort. The performances are in the French language. The American Theatre is the leading place for legitimate drama. The Gaieties was built some seven years ago for D. Bourcicault, who opened it for one season—it is well adapted for spectacles. There are numerous other minor theatres, which, during the season, are crowded.

The Streets.

The streets of New Orleans are wide, well paved and regularly laid out, gradually intersecting each other at right angles. The broadest of all is Canal street, whose width is 190 feet, with a grassplot of 25 feet in width, extending in the centre through its whole length. The houses are chiefly built of brick, and are usually five to six storeys in height. The private buildings in the suburbs are many of them very charming places, buried in the grateful shade of tropical vegetation—magnolia, lemon, myrtle and orange trees.

The Population.

By the census last year the population was 168,472, being an increase of nearly 50,000 since 1850.

The Press.

There are about 20 newspapers, all, more or less, conducted with great ability. The principal are the *Delta*, *Picayune*, *Daily Bee*, *Creole*, *Commercial Bulletin*, *Crescent*, *Christian Advocate*, etc.

The Cemeteries.

Owing to the watery nature of the soil, burials in the earth are never attempted, except in the Potter's Field, where the outcast finds a temporary grave, the water frequently lifting the wretched coffin and its contents out of its shallow cell. The burial-place therefore of the inhabitants is in cemeteries, a sketch of which we gave in our Illustrated Paper, No. 308. Each of these cemeteries is enclosed with a brick wall of arched cavities, or ovens, as they are called here—made just large enough to admit a coffin—these are raised, tier upon tier, to a height of 12 feet, and a thickness of 10. The whole enclosure is divided into plots, with gravel paths, intersecting each other at right angles, and is densely covered with tombs, built wholly above ground, and from one to three storeys high.

DURING the stormy days of 1848 two stalwart mobocrats entered the bank of the late Baron A. Rothschild at Frankfurt. "You have millions on millions," said they to him, "and we having nothing; you must divide with us." "Very well; what do you suppose the firm of De Rothschild is worth?" "About forty millions of florins." "Forty millions, you think, eh? Now there are forty millions of people in Germany; that will be a florin apiece. Here's yours."

M. ALEXANDER ZAMOYSKI having been accused of printing a clandestine journal in Poland, was tried by a Russian court of inquiry. Refusing to answer the interrogatories of the court, he was stripped of his clothing and subjected to a frightful flagellation. The rods used were thicker than one's thumb, and the flesh was literally cut to ribbons, particularly on the right side of the body. M. Zamoyksi endured this torment with a noble courage, without giving the least response and uttered no word. After he had received 100 strokes he fell senseless, and was handed over to the care of a doctor. It is not probable that he will recover.

CAPRICES AND CONTRADICTIONS.—A More, fiercely perceiving for opinion while writing in favor of the rights of thought; a Bacon, teaching morals and taking bribes; a La Fontaine, writing intrigues while avoiding, in his own person, a single amour; a Young, making wretched puns and writing *Night Thoughts*; a Sterne, beating his wife and crying over a dead ass; a melancholy Cowper, gasping out the laughter-moving story of John Gilpin. Truly, that chapter which shall have to deal with all the oddities and anomalies of the literary life must be long and curious, infinitely various in its illustrations, and deep in its insight and its philosophy.

TWO WAYS OF FISHING.—When men go a-fishing for trout, says the Rev. Dr. Bellows, they take a light, tapering pole, with a fine silken line attached, and a sharp hook with a sweet morsel of worm on the end. They noiselessly drop the line on the water, and let it float to the fish, who nibbles, and by a slight twitch is landed safely on the bank. But when men go fishing for souls, they tie a cable on to a stick of timber, and an anchor is the hook. On this a great chunk of bait is stuck, and with this ponderous machine grasped in both hands, they walk up and down thrashing the water, and bellowing at the top of their voices, "Bite or be damned."

WASHINGTON IRVING'S "Life and Letters," by his nephew, Pierre M. Irving, are to be published in two volumes, the first of which is now ready for delivery.



THE FIRE AND THE FLOOD—THE BURNING OF ROCKWELL'S STORE, CORNER OF MORGAN AND FRONT STREETS, HARTFORD, CONN., APRIL 21.—FROM A SKETCH BY JOHN B. RUSSELL, JR., OF HARTFORD.

**REMARKABLE CONFLAGRATION IN HARTFORD—
FIRE IN A FLOOD.**

Our present number contains an illustration of the opposite elements of fire and water in full play. It would seem as though water, like rebellion, had been in full force this spring, but they are both subsiding. The quiet city of Hartford, Conn., safe from other irruptions, was lately in-

vaded by a freshet, which on Monday, April 21, had reached the height of 28 feet eight inches. Front street was from one to five feet under water. Its whole length. All the streets east were submerged more or less, the water in many of the houses being up to the second story. Dutch Point was covered, while great part of the East and West Parks was one grand lake. From the roofs of high buildings the prospect was most singular; above and below the city the water spread

over a width of some four miles—an inland sea dotted with houses and orchards. We need hardly add that the public suffering is very great. The City Hall was thrown open and warmed, as a refuge for women and children, and Mayor Hamersley has won great praise by his noble efforts to meet this terrible calamity.

In the midst of this modern deluge a destructive fire broke out, about seven o'clock on the morning of the 21st April, in



THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—SUCCESSFUL CHARGE OF CO. H., 1ST MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT (CAPT. CARRUTH), ON A REBEL BEDAN, BEFORE YORKTOWN, APRIL 26.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT YORKTOWN.



THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—REBEL WATER BATTERY, YORKTOWN, SILENCED BY THE CONNECTICUT BATTERY AT FARNHAM'S HOUSE WORMSLEY'S CREEK, YORK RIVER, MAY 3.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, E. S. HALL.

D. Rockwell's four story grain and flour store, corner of Morgan and Front streets. The fire raged furiously for over three hours, totally destroying the large building and contents, together with the tenement building known as the "Sixth Ward Hotel," adjoining it on Morgan street west and owned by Frederick Fisher, and one or two small buildings. Rockwell's store is the same that fell down, two or three years ago, from too great weight of goods in the upper story—and was rebuilt. Rockwell's loss is probably \$12,000—insured for \$4,000. Fisher's loss, \$1,500—insured we believe. Maine and Tuyen, carmen, lost all their books and accounts. Dr. S. D. Grant lost his watch, wardrobe, books and accounts. Hezekiah Gaylord's store (the building owned by Thomas H. Bissel), was considerably damaged—insured.

The fire originated from spontaneous combustion of cotton waste, temporarily stored in one of the upper stories. Some of the neighbors detected the smoke of it on the previous evening.

The store was flooded, the water being four or five feet deep all round it, and the firemen worked at great disadvantage.

Cheney's factory. The hand engines were stationed up by another; but the steam fire engine, with its new duck hose, poured a steady stream hour after hour without tiring, and did valuable service.



THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—REBEL BATTERY NEAR LEE'S MILLS, WARWICK RIVER, SCENE OF THE BATTLE OF THE 16TH OF APRIL. FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, E. S. HALL.

as the hose had to be carried out in boats, or by men wading waist deep in a swift current, while the en-

for it was on this spot that the gallant sons of the Green Mountain State, on the 16th of April, forded the creek,

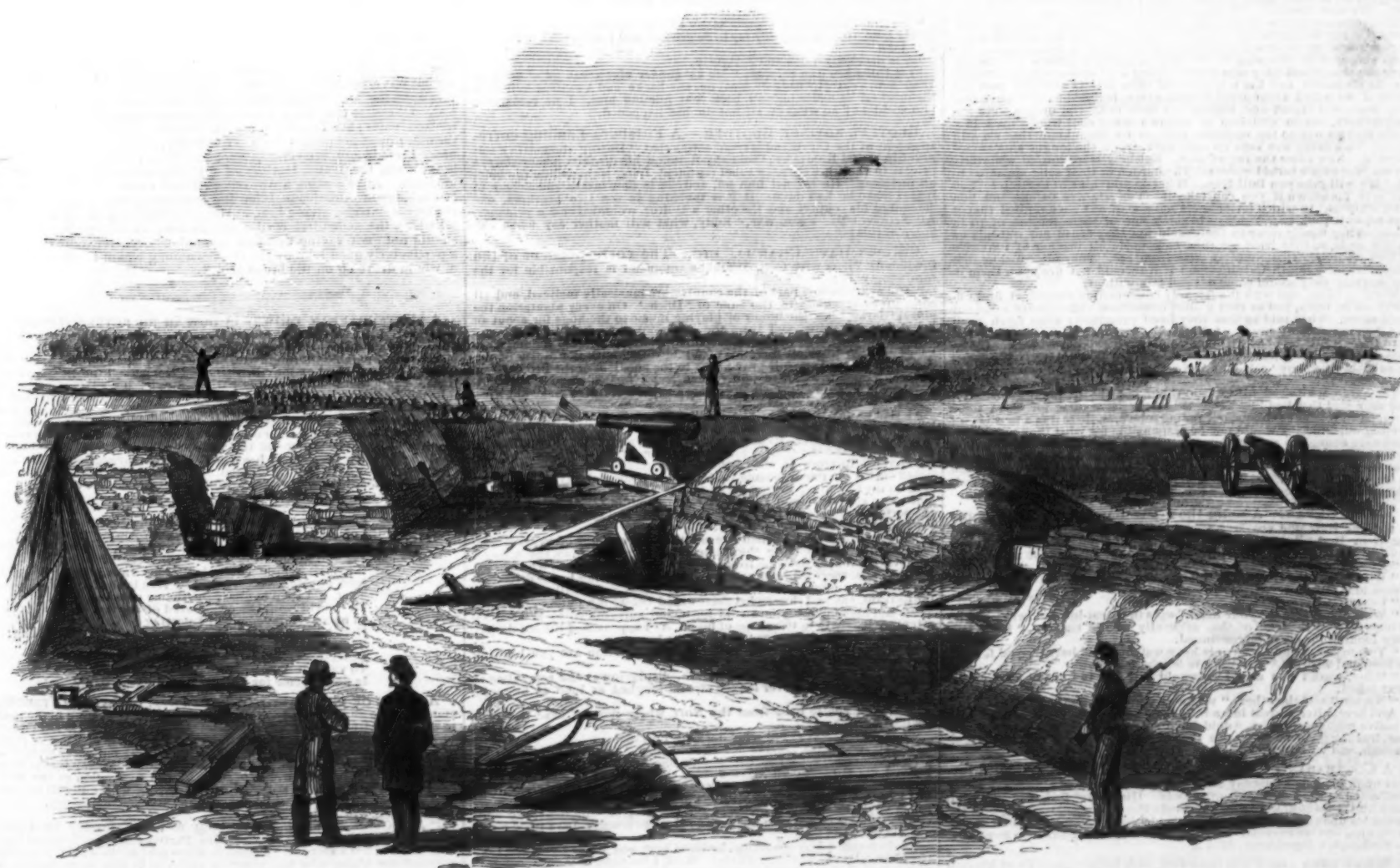
YORKTOWN, VA.

Rebel Water Battery.

This battery was situated on the western side of Wormsley Creek, which runs out of York river about four miles in a south-westerly direction. It kept up a harassing fire upon our gunboats as they approached Yorktown and Gloucester Point. Its heaviest guns were silenced by the National battery erected on the other side of the creek, and was abandoned on Friday, the 2d of May, when the Confederates retreated from Yorktown.

Lee's Mill, Warwick River.

Mr. Hall's sketch of this disastrous but glorious locality will be painfully interesting to numerous Vermont homes, for it was on this spot that the gallant sons of the Green Mountain State, on the 16th of April, forded the creek,



THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—INTERIOR VIEW OF PART OF THE FORTIFICATIONS SURROUNDING YORKTOWN, AND COMMANDING THE MAIN ROAD. CAPTURED BY THE NATIONAL ARMY, MAY 3.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. E. S. HALL, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

carried and destroyed the enemy's battery and recrossed, under a most galling and destructive fire. In our paper for 3d May our readers will find the particulars of this gallant achievement.

Charge of the 1st Massachusetts.

Our Special Artist sends us the following account of this affair: "On the morning of Saturday, 26th April, Company H of the 1st Massachusetts Volunteers, led by Capt. Carruth, made a most brilliant charge on a rebel redoubt, and took it at the point of the bayonet. It was defended by a company of the 1st Virginia regiment, who fought with that Old Dominion valor which, to use a phrase probably heard before, 'was worthy of a better cause.' Our men were exposed to a most galling fire from the instant they left the shelter of the woods until they reached the brink of the deep ditch fronting the parapet. After delivering their fire, the rebels, with one exception, fled at the sight of the bayonet; 13 others were afterwards taken prisoners by the 11th Massachusetts, who advanced against the redoubt by the right flank. It has long been said that only a British or a Russian regiment could unshrinkingly give and take a bayonet charge. Every day shows how irresistible our National troops are in both, since at Pittsburg and Williamsburg the ancient courage of their race flickered in the rebel heart, and they charged our ranks with the utmost desperation and scorn of life. The steadiness of the National troops, however, rendered their onslaught vain, and they were driven back utterly routed."

PAST AND PRESENT.

"LINGER," I cried, "oh, radiant Time! thy power
Has nothing more to give; life is complete;
Let but the perfect Present, hour by hour,
Itself remember and itself repeat."

"And Love—the future can but mar its splendor,
Change can but dim the glory of its youth;
Time has no star more faithful or more tender,
To crown its constancy or light its truth."

But Time passed on in spite of prayer or pleading,
Through storm and peril; but that life might gain
A Peace through strife all other peace exceeding,
Fresh joy from sorrow, and new hope from pain.

And since Love lived when all save Love was dying,
And, passed through fire, grew stronger than before;
Dear, you know why, in double faith relying,
I prize the Past much, but the Present more.

INCIDENTS OF THE WAR.

THE SLEEP OF DEATH.—A correspondent of the *St. Louis Republic*, writing from Pittsburg Landing, says: "An incident somewhat curious occurred in Gen. McClelland's quarters. When the rebels were driven back on Monday, and he regained possession, on entering his tent, a figure, in rebel costume, was sitting in a chair, the head resting on a table, as if its owner was dozing, very much in the style that sleepy clerks do after a hard day's work. A slight shake to waken the apparent sleeper, and the body of a corpse fell upon the floor. Wounded in a manner that must have caused him excruciating pain when lying down, he had crawled into the chair and died. Others were dead upon the cots."

AN INCIDENT IN NASHVILLE.—Over the large gate at the Provost Marshal's splendid headquarters—Elliott's female school—waves a Union flag. A very ardent secession lady, who wished to see Col. Matthews, was about to pass through the gate, when looking up she beheld the proud flag flapping like an eagle's wing over his cry. Starting back horror-struck, she held up her hands and exclaimed to the guard:

"Dear me! I can't go under that dreadful Lincoln flag. Is there no other way for me to enter?"

"Yes, madame," promptly replied the soldier, and turning to his comrade, he said:

"Here, orderly, bring out that rebel flag and lay it on the ground at the little gate, and let this lady walk over it!"

The lady looked bewildered, and after hesitating a moment, concluded to bow her head to the invincible Goddess of Freedom, whose immaculate shrine is the folds of the "Star Spangled Banner." The rebels may all just as well conclude to follow her example.

THE PLEASURES OF PICKETING.—A correspondent of the *Fall River (Mass.) News*, writing from in front of Yorktown, says: "One of the pleasant incidents of warfare which every one has not the pleasure of witnessing, the members of Co. A participated in yesterday. We were detailed to do picket duty on the outposts. We started with a company of the New York 8th, at two o'clock Thursday afternoon. When we arrived at our post, I concluded that we had got into a hornet's nest by the buzzing of the little messengers by our ears. We were stationed on Warwick Creek, and the enemy's pickets were on the opposite side, about 400 yards above. They kept up a continual fire during the afternoon, and the way some of their bullets whistled past our heads if we poked them from behind a tree, inclined us to believe that they were well armed and understood their use. Our orders were not to fire back, but in violation of orders a stray shot would once in a while find its way to the opposite side, to let them know that we still lived. This firing was kept up until dark, when the tongue superseded the rifle. Now came the tug of war. Epithets were hurled spitefully across Warwick's turbid waters. The burden of their song appeared to be, 'We will give you Bull Run. What do you think of Corinth? You can have Yorktown if you can take it. You are five to one, but you can't whip us,' to which latter assertion one of our boys replied that it was so, as it took four Yankees to catch one of them for one of us to whip. They finally came to the conclusion they could not out-talk us in that style, so they tried another tack, made all manner of inquiries of how we lived, what State we were from, etc. They informed us that they were from South Carolina, and if we would not fire upon them in the morning they would come out and talk with us."

Morning came, and with it a friendly conversation ensued, at first under cover of trees, and as they gained confidence, either party came out from cover. They told us that they lived principally upon fresh meat and 'sponge'—soft bread, 'shingles'—hard bread—had played out with them. Salt was not within their limits, it being \$20 a sack. Coffee could not be got—it was a luxury not enjoyed by a soldier. We asked them if they had any 'salt junk.' No, they had not got down to pickled mule yet.

They are not allowed to read anything but the *Richmond Dispatch*, and they said that lied like hell. When the time came for them to be relieved they told us to look out for ourselves, as there was a new crowd coming on, and they would not be responsible for what they would do. And sure enough in a short time the ball was again opened by whistling bullets from our opposing friends. They told us that Gen. Magruder was on a drunk the day before, and was putting on his airs as usual when in that condition. We were 30 hours on this picket, and all were well pleased with the novelty of the service."

MOSES BRYAN.—Among the contrabands who have come in to Gen. Burnside are Moses and Africa Bryan. The former asked for Gen. Burnside. Having his tent pointed out, he entered it, and proceeded to introduce himself. Bowing to the General, he says:

"I took the liberty to call on you—I am Moses Bryan."

"Well," says the General, "I am Gen. Burnside. Are you a good Union man, Moses?"

"I am that," says Moses.

"Well, then, give me your hand," says the great-hearted hero; and he at once clasped the hand of this noble ally of the nation. "Have you been looking for me?" he continued.

"Yes, massa, I and my people have watched, and have prayed for you so long and so often," was the late bondman's answer.

"What, wasn't you afraid we would sell you to Cuba?" the General next asked.

"No, sir," said the other, "we know you never do that."

And here, after mutual interchanges of good wishes, the visitor, with a native politeness which would have set well on the shoulders of any one, had the good sense to see that the interview had continued long enough, and withdrew.

A CONTRABAND IN MANACLES.—A fugitive slave with fetters upon his legs yesterday made his way into this city, and was safely conducted to the depot for contrabands. His master had chained him to keep him from running away—he broke the chain and escaped with the manacles upon his limbs—was pursued by his master, but again escaped from him, and we presume he is now safe from the hands who hunt him.

—*Washington Republican*, May 6.

WHAT THEY ARE FIGHTING FOR.—A letter from Fort Macon relates that after the capture a Yankee soldier asked one of the rebels

why he was in arms against his country, to which the reply was made that "we are fighting for our rights."

"What do you claim?" said the soldier.

The reply was, "The right of property in slaves."

The soldier granted this right without dispute, and asked why the Southerner was so interested; if he had any slaves.

"No," said the latter, "d—n me if I would have one around me."

The conversation continued until the soldier left the rebel, expressing the belief that the latter did not know what he was fighting for.

OBEYED HIS MOTHER.—A Yorktown correspondent of the *Post* relates the following incident: "An Alabama soldier who came in this morning was asked why he deserted, and replied that he had received a letter from his mother in Alabama, who told him that 'the good old Union was best, and that the Lord was on the side of the country for which her revolutionary father fought; that we should at last conquer the rebels, and to go over to us as soon as he could. And,' said he, 'I have always obeyed my mother.'"

A STRONG TEMPTATION.—During the stay of the Union army in the vicinity of Washington, one of our captains was killed by a rebel soldier, who was a good marksman, and well known to our sharpshooters, and they determined to have him. So, one day, while on picket duty, he was discovered skulking along at some distance, and it was arranged that all our men but one, a sharpshooter, named Strow, should retreat slowly, leaving him concealed behind a tree. As they expected, the rebel marksman followed, and when a good opportunity occurred fired upon the retreating force, and at the same instant was shot through the heart by the concealed sharpshooter. This was in the brigade commanded by Gen. Smith, who has since obtained a part of the regiment of sharpshooters to accompany his advance.

While this detachment was marching through the camp, in front of the General's headquarters, a soldier discharged his piece. As it was contrary to orders, he was arrested and brought up before the General.

"Did you fire that shot?" asked Gen. Smith.

"Yes, sir."

"Didn't you know it was contrary to orders?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then why did you fire?"

"I was tempted, sir."

"What tempted you?"

"That little rascal," said the sharpshooter, pulling a fine fat gray squirrel out from under his coat tail; "he tempted me. He ran up the tree and laid his head snugly over the crotch of a limb and stuck up his tail as if to dare me, and I couldn't stand it, so I fired."

And sure enough, he had taken off the squirrel's head as neatly as possible.

"Are you the fellow who shot the rebel that killed my captain last winter?" asked Gen. Smith with a smile.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, go to your quarters."

OLD HUNDRED IN CAMP.—The Yorktown correspondent of the *Philadelphia Inquirer* relates a striking incident of camp life, as follows:

"On Saturday evening, a few hours after sunset, while we were sitting in our tent in company with several others, 'specials,' one of our number, lying his hand upon our knee, suddenly said to us, 'Hark! what is that?' In a second all had ceased talking, and every ear endeavored to catch the sound which had attracted the attention of his comrade. There was a silence for a moment, and then there was wafted across the air the music of that glorious anthem, 'Old Hundred,' in which it seemed a thousand voices were participating."

"All of us immediately sought the open air, and there stood until the last note died away upon our ears. Never before have we heard anything so magnificently grand as that same 'Old Hundred' sung by the soldiers of the Union army on the plains of Yorktown. The air was made vocal with the music, and the woods around reverberated with the mighty strain. Beneath the canopy of heaven the soldier gazed upward into the starlight sky and sang unto God, 'from whom all blessings flow,' an anthem that stirred in the heart of man the best and holiest emotions. The incident was a sublime one either for the poet or the artist."

THE OLD FLAG.—A National flag that has seen service was displayed in Boston on Wednesday in honor of the capture of New Orleans. It bears the following inscription: "This flag was banished from New Orleans when Louisiana voted to secede. It will be used here again to celebrate the glorious victories of the Union." The *Boston Journal* says:

"Two years ago it was first used in New Orleans at the inauguration of the statue of Henry Clay. In January, 1861, when the city was illuminated to celebrate the secession of Louisiana, it served the purpose of a carpet to prevent injury from the burning candles, after which it was sent to this city, the owner having no further use for it. After several months' service here in the Union cause, it now waves to celebrate the victory at New Orleans, and in a few days will be returned to that city in triumph, to be re-established in its original position."

CONTRABANDS AT PITTSBURG LANDING.—There are a couple of contrabands in the culinary department—one from Fort Donelson and one from Corinth. The latter came through the rebel lines on Sunday night of the light, and brought two horses over with him. He said he wanted to take the horses to the gunboats.

He says: "Some of der rebels say all fit for dere property, and some for de Union, and some for de niggers. Dey say ole Lukum shoud rule dem."

When asked, "Were you at Manassas?"

"No, I wish I had been dar."

"Why?"

"Wy, I'd got away dat much de sooner."

"Well, ain't the time of enlistment out with a great many of their troops?"

"De time is out with a good many of 'em, an dey got der land, too plenty land, from de way dey lay in de ground, and you all turnin' 'em into der land."

He is decidedly quick and sprightly.

Fort Donelson Jim relates: "Me an' anoder nigger was goin' 'long in Donelson, a carryin' bags of meal on our backs, and a cannon ball took the meal off de older nigger's back 'bout hurtin' him. I jis remarked, 'Lor-r-d-i-e-o!' an went on zif nothin' had happened."

BROTHER AGAINST BROTHER.—A Pittsburg Landing correspondent of the *Cleveland Herald* states that "During the battle a sergeant in the 3d Kentucky, Company B, found his brother, a mere boy, a private in the 4th Kentucky rebel regiment, lying wounded on the field, unconscious. He carried him off, and he is now better and seems to regret what he had done. It was touching to see two brothers, one defending his country and the other a traitor, wounded and a prisoner. All Sergeant B— said was, 'Eddy, what will mother say when she hears of this?'"

"MUSIC HATH CHARMS," ETC.—The correspondent of the *Cincinnati Times* with Gen. Mitchell's command is responsible for the following yarn:

"The swine in this part of the country are musically inclined, and all come up to breakfast to the tune of 'Dixie.' On every plantation the oldest 'darkey' has the honor of playing music to the hogs for about an hour every morning, and from the very moment when he first commences, till the end of the piece, the shrill, piercing notes of the hogs are heard coming from all directions, and blending with the music of the darkey from the very full grown sow to the smallest of the litter; these notes are audible a mile distant. I can never forget when I first witnessed the scene, and for the life of me I could not tell or make out what it meant."

"I was on my way from Shelbyville, Tenn., to Huntsville, Ala., and being alone I started very early, so as to overtake the army, who were a day in advance of me. Riding upon a very steep hill, I heard a shrill, sharp sound, and thought it must be a locomotive. At this time I was surrounded by trees on either side. The sound continued. Finally, I heard such a terrible rumbling in the woods among the trees that I put spur to my horse and started off as fast as I could go, and the further and more swiftly I sped the greater the rumbling. At last I came to the serious conclusion that I was 'played out,' and must surely fall into the hands of the rebels."

"I halted, and in less than five minutes I saw hogs of every grade, color and species making the tallest kind of tracks down the hill toward where the music came from. There were black hogs, white hogs, yellow hogs, speckled hogs and gray hogs—all running in one direction. I pushed for a moment and surveyed the scene, and, finally, I followed in the train, and as I descended there stood before me a nigger, as black as ebony, blowing away on an old horn, and surrounded by at least 500 attentive listeners in the shape of hogs. As I approached the old darkey saluted me with a 'Good-morning, massa.'"

"Well, my friend," I remarked, "what in creation are you blowing that infernal old horn for?"

"Old Ebony opened his wide mouth, displaying at the same time as fine a set of teeth as I ever looked at, and laughed as loud as he could, and said:

"Massa, you's bein' from de Norf, where none of dese things is gwine on."

"I answered, 'Yes; but what does it all mean?'"

"You see, massa," responded the old man, "all dese hogs dar; before I commenced playin' dar wasn't one hog here, but when I dar I blowed dis horn dey all started from every part of de woods an come up here. I eat dis hams for de Lord knows how many years, and I has brought in millions of hogs with dis music. I set to play every mornin' at daylight alongside dis fence and den stop for one hour, and I has end ob de hour all massa's hogs are in from de woods. Ise a good music man, massa, I ja."

"I then asked him what tune he liked best, and played most to rally the hogs. He responded, 'Dixie.' Well, I thought to myself, can it be possible that the Southern chivalry and Southern hog march to the same tune?"

ARREST OF THE ALLEGED MURDERER OF FELLNER AT ST. LOUIS.

In our number for Nov. 16, 1861, our readers will find portraits of Ratzky and Miss Flaum, both of whom were suspected of complicity in the murder of Sigismund Fellner, the German diamond merchant. That the publication of Ratzky's portrait has led to his arrest is evident, since the *St. Louis Democrat* says that when the officer arrested a man who passed under the name of H. Feiler, for cheating, he was so struck with his resemblance to the engraved portrait of Ratzky that he called him by that name, which, in the surprise of the moment, he acknowledged to be his. The circumstances of his detection are curious, and seem to suggest that if he really murdered the wealthy diamond merchant he got none of his wealth, since he has been making a precarious living for months in St. Louis, and owed his detection to a swindling operation for only \$80. It seems that, flying to St. Louis, he engaged in buying horses, as he stated, for the Government. His last transaction led to his arrest. The *St. Louis paper* says that he purchased a horse of a Mrs. McEneaney for \$90, paying \$10 cash, and giving a note for the balance. The note not being honored, the indignant lady placed the matter in the hands of Police Chief Couzens, who found him at Rock Spring, and arrested him. His appearance agreeing with the portrait published in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, he acknowledged his identity, and has been sent to New Jersey, to be tried for the offence with which he is charged. As the only surviving witness against him has returned to Germany, it will be very difficult to convict him. It will be remembered that Albertina Flaum, who was suspected of being one of the accomplices, committed suicide in prison.

AN ENGLISH BARONET'S ADVENTURE.

The *Evening Post* has got the advance sheets of a new work on America by that well-known and distinguished baronet, Sir Lyon Bousie, and has printed several characteristic extracts from his "Notes." As most of our readers have met Sir Lyon (he generally drops the Sir, and passes himself off as a plain Mr. with a plain name, merely calling himself an Englishman), we give the following incident as related by himself—how he rode in an omnibus down Broadway:

"Soon after I had taken my seat, the man who sat next to me, and whom, it is needless to say, I had never seen before, had the impudence to turn to me—directly to me—and tell me it was a very fine morning; and even while I was wondering at the extraordinary habits of this semi-barbarous place, he had the effrontery to add that he hoped we should have a continuation of fine weather for the sake of the army. Of course, I took no notice of him whatever. What business had he to obtrude his opinions of the weather upon me, or his hopes? And as to his army, what was it to me if they all rotted in a heap? The sooner the better, perhaps; for then this ridiculous, savage, blackguard war might stop, and the deficient quarter per cent. on my stock be paid."

"While I was thinking over this unpleasant experience, and devising measures to protect myself against its recurrence during my future travels here, there was a sudden and dreadful pounding on the top of the omnibus, but no one seemed to notice it. After a few minutes it was heard again with increased vigor. I looked up, and at my fellow-passengers inquiringly, and found that they were also looking at me inquiringly. But as the pounding soon ceased I fell again into the pleasant train of reflections which always succeed a bottle of Alsop's ale, when, all at once, the pounding broke out again with such fury that it seemed to me as if the top of the omnibus must come in. I looked round again, and again found all my companions looking at me, evidently very much interested to know what my opinion was of this remarkable occurrence. I was about to express my annoyance and indignation in proper terms, when one of them said to me:

"'Stranger, I rather guess as how he wants your farr afore he totein youw any furdur.'"

"'He, who's he?'"

"'Wahl, th' driver; 'n I reckon youw'd better pay up pooty c'n-siddable darnd quick ef ye don't want ter be turned out o' th' stage.'"

"I will remark here, in passing, once for all, that this is the style of speech and manners which is found all over this country. I expect, of course, certain people who talk and behave like English gentlemen of average cultivation; but of course no one comes to America to see or write about them. But I must resume my story."

"'Very well, if the driver wants my fare, why don't he come and get it? How can I give it to him?'"

"'Up thar,' pointing to a small round hole in the front of the top of the omnibus."

"I took out my fare, which I had previously found to be six cents (equal to about three-pence sterling), and was going to push it up through the hole, when one of the passengers who sat nearer the front (it will hardly be believed) put out his hand with the evident intention of taking my money from me. Such a barefaced attempt at robbery I never saw or heard of before. But I was not to be thrown off my guard. I clutched my money tightly, and asked him what he meant by such outrageous conduct, though my experience about my stock might have taught me what to expect. He had the audacity to ask my pardon, and say that he only meant to save me some trouble. But I was not to be taken in by any such palaver, and was about to tell him that he was a d—d repudiating ruffian, when, as I stood with my head bent down, the omnibus started off at a quick pace over the ice-blocked street, which caused such a frightful jolting that my hat was crushed over my eyes, and I quickly thrown in a sitting posture upon the floor of the infernal machine in which I had been entrapped. Of course this was a concerted plan between the driver and the robbers inside; but I clutched my six cents closely in one hand and put the other upon my pocket-book. I felt—for, from the condition of my head, I could not see—hands upon me which lifted me up; but I broke from them and, tearing off my hat, resumed my seat for a moment. After casting a withering glance at this pretty specimen assemblage of Americans I left the omnibus precipitately and paid the driver outside, giving him, at the same time, a piece of my mind, for which the scoundrel reviled me as long as he was in sight. I should not omit saying that this scandalous occurrence was deemed a particularly good joke by the thieves among whom I had fallen, all of whom drove off on the broad grin."

A SUBTERRANEAN railway is now in an advanced state of construction, running about four and a half miles under the city of London. It commences at Victoria street, in the midst of what was formerly a disreputable thoroughfare, but is now a common centre for the Great Northern, the London, Chatham and Dover, and the Metropolitan lines. From that point it passes eastwardly, having a large number of intermediate stations. On the occasion of a recent trip made through a portion of its length, the air was found to be perfectly sweet, and free from all unpleasantness or dampness. The locomotives used condense their steam and consume their own smoke, so that neither gas nor vapor is perceptible. The surface of the rails is made of steel. The line is made for two gauges, and it has a double track throughout. The carriages will be roomy, well ventilated, and lighted with portable gas. It is expected that the road will be opened about the middle of June.

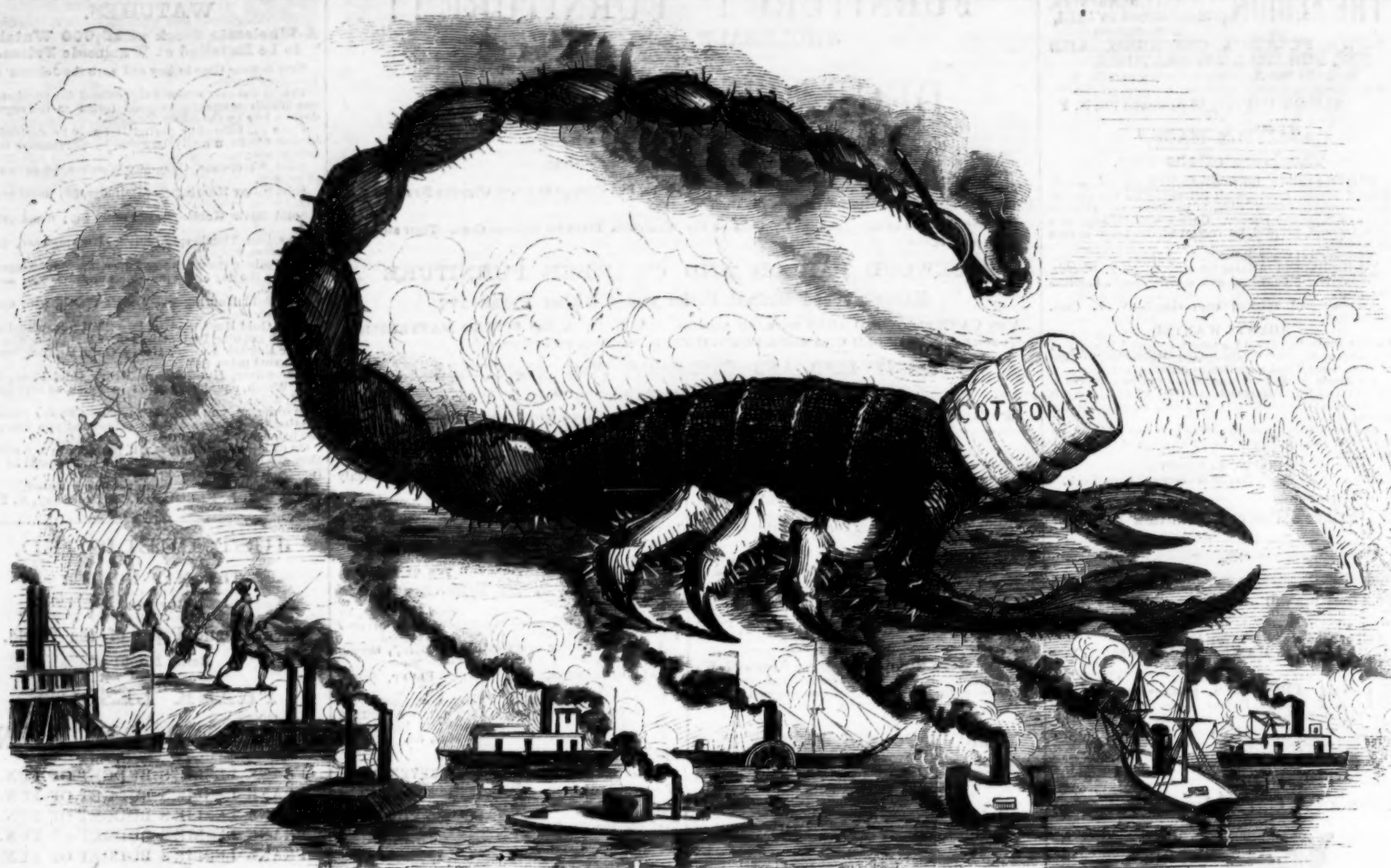
MY LOVE.

Ladies who in Love's lore are deeply read,
I of my lady would discourse with you;
I cannot paint her worth in colors true,
Yet will my heart be eased by this essay.
When all her graces rise before my view,
Such sweetness on my soul by love is shed,
That, if I then but dare the theme pursue,
Th' world would be enamoured of my lay.
In so aspiring verse will I portray
Her charms, lest fear should shame my trembling wing;
But of her noble nature I will sing.
In strains that feebly all her worth display,
To you fair dames and damozels, for this
Is not a theme for meaner ears, I wis.—*Dante*.

A RELIC OF THE PAST.—The *Progres*, of Lyons (France), states that an engineer has just discovered a Celtic bark sunk in the mud in the Upper Rhone, which is supposed to have remained there in a bed of sand and gravel for several centuries. This bark is of a single piece of timber, hollowed out like an Indian canoe. It measures 27 feet in length, and eight in breadth. The wood of which it is composed is completely petrified. The various vestige of the navigation of the Allobroges is to be placed in the Museum of Lyons, where it will be conveyed on one of the boats which descend the Rhone from Savoy.

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